



Ulrich Middeldorf

THE
COMMEMORATION
OF
REYNOLDS.

IN TWO PARTS,
WITH NOTES,
AND
OTHER POEMS;

BY
MARTIN ARCHER SHEP, M.A.

At the public sale of the MSS. of the late
Martin Archer Shep, Esq. at the
Library of the British Museum.

By the Rev. Mr. Shep.

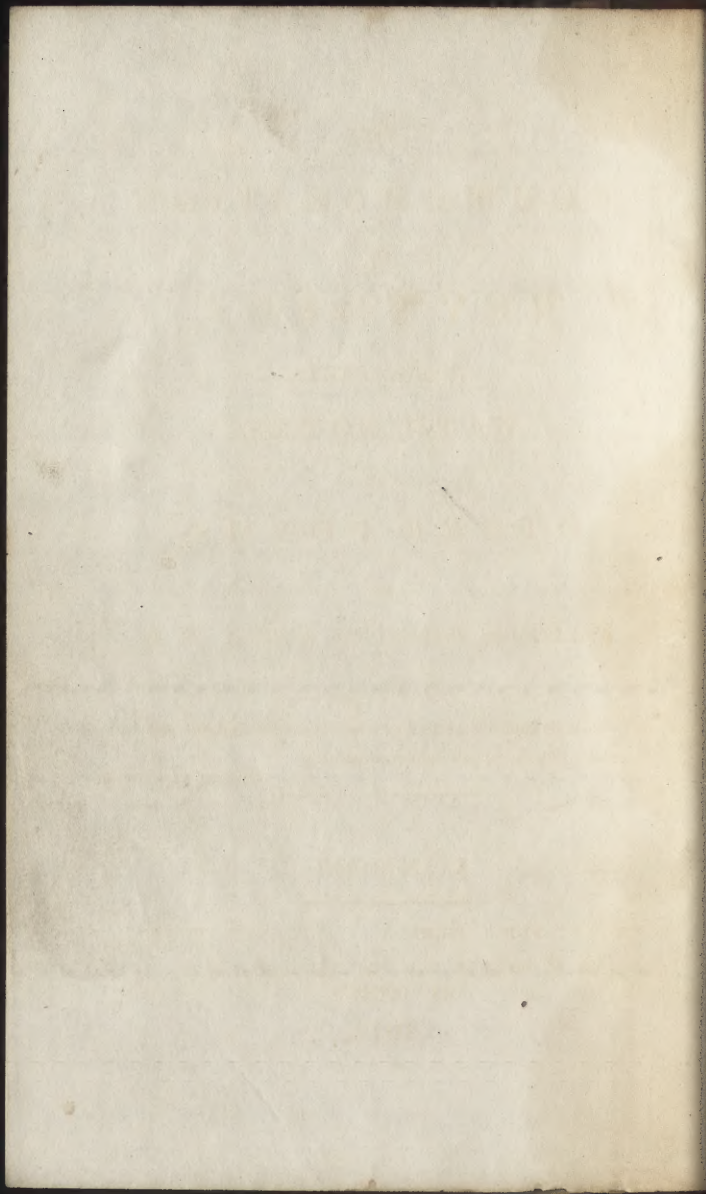
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BURNAY, ALDERMAN-STREET.

BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-Road,

St. James's.

1814.



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IN TWO PARTS,
WITH NOTES,
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BY
MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, R.A.

“ At iis laudibus certe non solum ipse qui laudatur sed
etiam Populi Romani nomen ornatur.”

CICERO PRO ARCH.

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE REGENT.

SIR,

THE gracious manner in which your Royal Highness has permitted the sanction of your name to be prefixed to the following Poem, affords a new proof of the esteem in which your Royal Highness holds the memory of the distinguished character of whom it treats.

It is another instance of that enlightened liberality, which prompted your Royal Highness

to patronise so warmly, the late Exhibition of his Works; and so condescendingly to preside at the commemorative festival, with which it was opened to the admiration of the public.

The Author is aware, that he must not ascribe to his own claims, that which is due only to the interest of his subject, and to the occasion which favoured his pretensions.

As long as high excellence in the Arts, shall be considered to grace and dignify the character of a people, the name of Reynolds must be recorded amongst those, who by their talents, have distinguished the age in which they lived, and shed a lustre on the reputation of their country. What has been done by the British Institution, under the auspices of your Royal Highness, in honour of this great Artist, has not been more generous in sentiment, than judicious in policy: while it offered a liberal tribute of acknowledgment for the obligations conferred on us by

his genius, it evinced a patriotic desire to preserve to us the advantages derived from his taste.

In co-operating so zealously, with the Institution on this occasion, your Royal Highness has paid a homage to merit, which elevates it above ordinary distinctions, and which is as honourable to him who offers it, as to him who is its object.

The Prince, who sets an example of respect for high talents, consults not less his own reputation, than his people's advantage. In stimulating the ardour of genius, he prepares the noblest, and most efficient instruments of his own glory. The light he kindles, reflects upon him a grateful lustre, which not only invests him with present splendour, but irradiates his future fame.

What a relief from the dreadful picture presented by the horrors of revolutions, and the ravages of war, to contemplate, even in

imagination, the ennobling contests of genius — the peaceful triumphs of the Arts !

As a Member of the Royal Academy, an Institution created by the favour of his Majesty, and so long honoured by the countenance of your Royal Highness ; the Author, has thought it his duty to offer to your Royal Highness, this humble attempt to commemorate an event, in which your Royal Highness appeared to take so conspicuous an interest. The Members of the Academy, must always feel gratified by the honours paid to the memory of an Artist, who was so long, the distinguished ornament of their Institution. Without presuming to consider himself, as a fit organ to express the sentiments of that respectable body, the Author, may venture to assure your Royal Highness, that they are ambitious of following in the steps of their great leader ; that they have been sensibly impressed by the liberal sentiments, and enlightened inten-

tions so eloquently announced to them by your Royal Highness, when the Academy was last honoured by your presence ; and that they are ardent in their desire to merit the favour of their Prince, and the approbation of their country.

With every sentiment of respect and duty, the Author has the honour to subscribe himself,

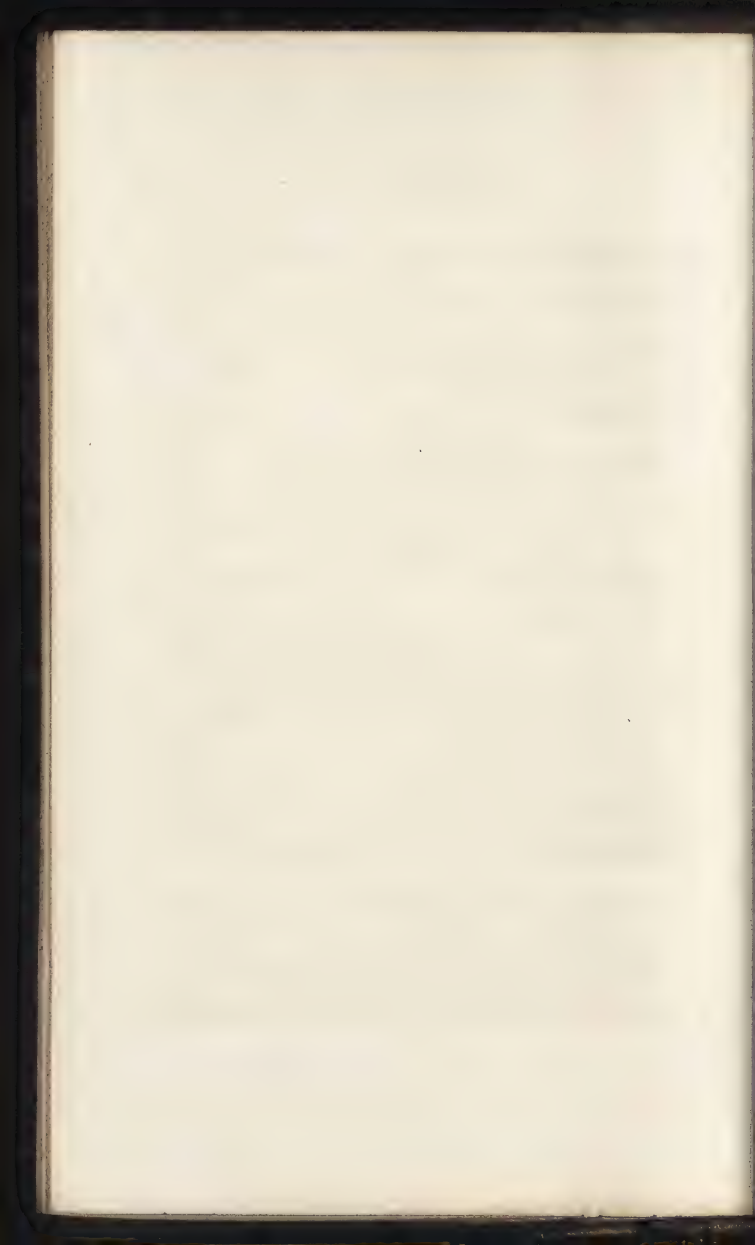
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's,

most faithful and devoted

Subject and Servant,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

*Cavendish-Square,
April, 1814.*



P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem originated in a desire to furnish a somewhat more regular, and appropriate record of the event which it attempts to celebrate, than the transient notices of the diurnal press supply.

The subject has indeed, grown under the Author's pen beyond his first intentions; and perhaps, beyond the limits which would have been prescribed, by a due consideration of the little interest which such topics are calculated to excite in the generality of English readers.

The Commemoration of Sir Joshua Reynolds however, appeared to attract a consider-

able share of public attention ; and it will not be thought surprising, if, to an Artist, it should seem an affair of some importance, as connected with the progress of the Arts, and the more general diffusion of good taste.

The inadequate sense of his merits which prevailed amongst his countrymen, and even, in that class of society, which might be supposed in some degree, qualified to judge of them, rendered such a collected display of his powers as that which we have lately seen, a measure of justice to his fame. Every candid mind must acknowledge the liberality and patriotism of the British Institution, in devising so effectual a mode of removing the prejudices of Taste, and establishing the claim of this great man, to the highest distinction, which the policy and gratitude of a people can confer on the genius by which they are improved and adorned.

That some advance has been made towards a more just estimate of his claims, is evident from the impression produced by the recent exhibition of his works. It seems at length pretty generally admitted, that England has produced from amongst her sons, one of the greatest painters of which any age or nation can boast, and there is reason to hope, that he will be no longer, like the prophet, unhonoured in his own country.

From the nature of his subject, and the occasion which produced it, the Author's plan is professedly panegyrical: allowing however, for the language of poetry, he has expressed no commendation in his verse, which he is not ready to repeat, and justify in plain prose. In proportion as the love of the Arts, and the principles of pure Taste, shall prevail amongst us, the genius which has created the British school must be felt and admired. We may

indeed, justly apply to Reynolds the observation of Quintilian respecting Cicero,* and say, that he may consider himself, as having made no small proficiency in true taste, who is much pleased with the works of this great Artist.

Of the other productions here offered to the public, the Author has but little to say. They have been added principally, to enlarge the volume to a more reputable size. Two of them, as commemorative of distinguished characters, may be said, to associate naturally with the principal work. The Shade of Nelson, was produced in a moment of warm feeling, excited by the intelligence of an event which roused to enthusiasm the gratitude and regret of the country. It was published anonymously, within a month after the battle of Trafalgar, and was the earliest offering at the shrine of the Hero whom it aspires to celebrate.

* *Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit.*

The lines on the death of Opie, were first printed in a periodical paper conducted for some time, under the title of the Artist. They were written for that publication, at the request of a literary friend,* whose pen has been often zealously, and disinterestedly, employed in advocating the cause of the Arts, and illustrating the Annals of the Academy.

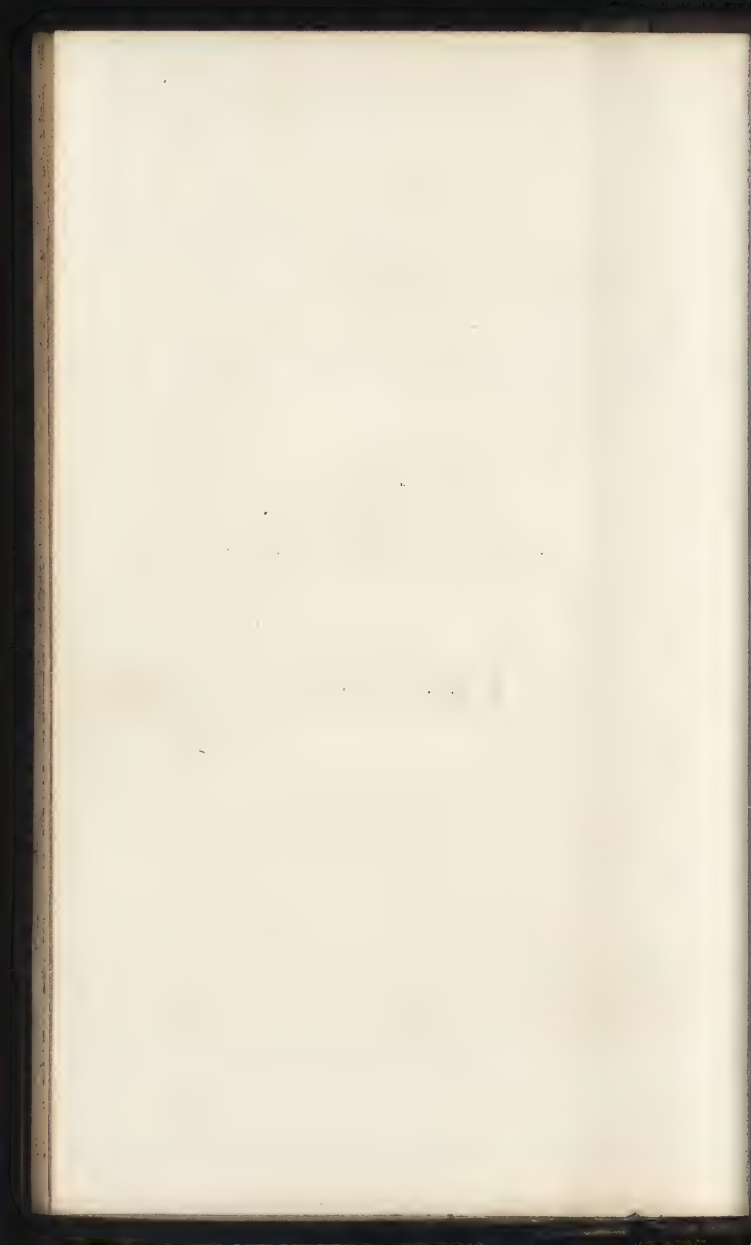
The little story which closes the volume, was suggested by a melancholy occurrence of real life, which had been related to the Author, and from which its principal incident has been derived.

As it is only on subjects connected with the Arts, that the Author has conceived himself at all excusable, in trespassing on the attention of the public, he has felt some hesitation, in committing to the press any of his attempts on other topics. The indulgence which he has

* Prince Hoare, Esq.

experienced in his proper province, he cannot expect to be extended to his wanderings in other territories of the Muse; where the abounding genius of the day, has, to rhymers like him, rendered distinction hopeless, and competition, presumption.

THE
COMMEMORATION
OF
REYNOLDS.



PART THE FIRST.

Analysis.

Allusion to the state of Europe under the long-continued ravages of War, as particularly unfavourable to the cultivation of Literature and the Arts. The public attention in this country engrossed by the importance of passing events. A few distinguished persons however, desirous to protect the interests of Taste, and to do honour to departed Genius. The Poem addressed to the Members of the British Institution, who formed and executed the plan of the Commemoration of Reynolds. The inadequate appreciation of the extraordinary merits of this great Painter, notwithstanding his success in his profession. An advance made towards a more just estimate of his powers, by the exhibition of his Pictures in the British Gallery. The peculiar qualities of his Art touched upon, as displayed in the present assemblage of his works. The mixed emotions excited by the Portraits of the many distinguished persons, now no more, which are to be seen in the Collection. Observations on the character of Mr. Fox—Mr. Windham—Doctor Johnson. Allusion to the long friendship between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Burke. Observations on the Portraits of Garrick—Mrs. Siddons—Goldsmith—John Hunter—Sterne—Admiral Boscawen—Lord Keppel—Lord Rodney—Lord Harrington—Marquis of

Granby—Lords, Ashburnham and Lansdown—Col. Barrè—Lords,
Thurlow, Mansfield, and Camden. Apostrophe to Painting, as
employed in preserving to posterity the resemblance of great
characters. The interest and utility of Portrait Painting, illustrated
in its effects on the friend, the lover, the father, and the husband,

THE
COMMEMORATION OF REYNOLDS.

" At iis laudibus certe non solum ipse qui laudatur sed etiam
Populi Romani nomen ornatur."

CICERO PRO ARCH.

U_NSATED yet ! tho' now, on every shore,
For near five lustres drench'd with human gore,
Still raves the monster War—still shakes unfurled
The flag of slaughter o'er a suffering world.
Ambition too, in every age and clime,
The curse of empire and the scoff of time ;

A frantic fiend to scourge life's fools ordain'd—
The only maniac man has left unchain'd!
By heaven unblasted and by earth unawed,
Wild 'midst his works of ruin, walks abroad, 10
Wreaths his mad brow as ravaged Nature moans,
And monarchs tremble on their tottering thrones.*

Alas! amid this din of dire alarms,
This deafening uproar of a world in arms!
What gentle voice of Muse or Grace around— 15
What Syren song in such a storm can sound?

* This passage was composed in August last: the happy change which has taken place since that period, in the affairs of Europe, has weakened its application. The author trusts, that the lovers of peace and the arts may now look forward to the near approach of a period more favorable to their views: when nations, secure in their independance, may be at leisure to commemorate the virtues of those by whom it has been so successfully defended.

While Havoc howls—while every wind that blows,
But wafts the groans of nations and their woes,—
Still breathes some tale of blood, and as we hear,
With sounds of horror fills the shuddering ear : 20
While Peace and Freedom wait in awful pause,
The sword's decree in Europe's sacred cause ;
Prepared, shou'd Fate Oppression's power uphold,
(As fair Astræa fled the world of old,)
To quit a scene where heartless Rapine raves, 25
An age of iron and a race of slaves :
What eye unfixed upon the fray ?—what ear,
In this wild hurricane of hope and fear,
Can turn to toils in calmer hours embraced—
To arts of ornament, or themes of taste ? 30

Yet some there are amid this press of cares—
This blight of mind—when every Muse despairs,
Who fain wou'd shield life's flowerets from the blast,
Again to blossom when the storm has past :
Who, conscious of the trust to Arts assign'd, 35
Wou'd guard the peaceful glories of mankind :
Convinced what wreaths soe'er our arms may claim,
By science only can we soar to fame.*
Yes, there are some who, 'mid the toils of state,
Have not disdained to mark the painter's fate ; 40

* The President Henault observes, " Que la protection signalée que Colbert accorda aux arts et aux sciences n'étoit pas en lui l'effet seul du gout et des connoissances ; ce n'étoit pas par sentiment qu'il aimoit les artistes et les savans ; c'étoit *comme homme d'état* qu'il les protégeoit, *parce qu'il avoit reconnu que les beaux arts sont seul capables de former et d'immortalizer les grands Empires.*"

Who thro' the gloom wou'd light his path to praise,
And warm his heart with hope of brighter days.
For such alone th' ambitious verse wou'd flow,
Friends of the pencil and the lyre below !

Who, wise as liberal—prudent as refined, 45

Wou'd tinge with hues of taste the public mind !

Wou'd rouse the Patron—bid the Briton feel,

If not the critic's pride—the patriot's zeal ;

Approve his country's arts—her claims avow,

And place the graphic wreath on Albion's brow. 50

To those who grateful wou'd the debt repay,

That's due to Taste and Virtue—pass'd away ;

Whose hearts aware how little life bestows,

To gild his fate whose breast with genius glows,

Wou'd in the grave at least his wrongs repair, 55
And sooth with honours due, his spirit there.
But chief, by Taste distinguished 'midst her train,
To Beaumont wou'd the Muse address the strain,*
To him her theme she owes—to him is due,
That Reynolds once more rises to our view; 60

* The first idea of the celebration which has furnished the subject of the present little work, is said to have been suggested by this gentleman, who unites the skill of the Artist to the taste of the Connoisseur. The alacrity with which it was taken up, and the zeal, spirit, and activity with which it was carried into effect by the Directors of the Institution in general, reflect the highest credit on that body, and merit a more important commendation than the author is qualified to bestow. The plan was from the first, warmly patronised by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, whose taste renders him fully sensible of the merits of Reynolds. His Royal Highness not only furnished from his Collection, many distinguished works of this great painter, but, with a liberality and condescension

That once again, confirmed in every claim,

He comes in triumph to receive his fame.

'Twas Taste that first the glowing thought inspired,

And every breast with generous ardor fired,

To shew, while still unwearied we explore

65

The field of art on every foreign shore,

more than exemplary in his exalted station, presided at the magnificent entertainment given by the Institution on the occasion.

The author inserts here the names of those Directors of the British Institution to whom the arts and the public are indebted for the commemoration of Reynolds.

The Marquis of Stafford, Deputy President, The Marquis of Abercorn, The Earl Grosvenor, The Earl of Lonsdale, Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart., Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Hardwicke, Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., Thomas Hope, Esq., Lord Kinnard, Richard Payne Knight, Esq., Right Hon. Charles Long, The Earl of Mulgrave, William Smith, Esq. M. P., Right Hon. Isaac Corry, Rev. W. Holwell Carr, Philip Metcalf, Esq., Lord Northwick.

Unfelt—unknown—our native treasures lie,
And court in vain the cold averted eye.
Now too, when roused by persevering zeal,
The public mind, long torpid, seems to feel; 70
When Rank and Wealth in patriot toils engage,
And Science reigns—the fashion of our age:
When those who late had thought it taste to frown
On Britain's arts, and bar them from renown;
Awaked to better feelings, view with pride, 75
Their bold career, and condescend to guide:
Now too, the time auspicious seemed to prove,
That Albion's genius cou'd requite her love;—
In all his pride to call a Reynolds forth,
And stamp anew the impression of his worth;— 80

From his own toils the noblest trophy raise,

And rouse his country's echos in his praise.

Tho' Reynolds, long superior and alone,

Possessed in Art an undisputed throne,

Yet hardly conscious what his powers achieved, 85

A cold, reluctant homage he received.

By some few minds of sounder judgment awed,

The mob of taste affected to applaud.

But far beyond his age his art aspired,

And few cou'd feel his worth, tho' all admired : 90

Mistaken praise still mortified his aim—

Th' applause of Ignorance polluting fame ;

With humbled hope he bowed to Fashion's reign,

And saw with sorrow he excelled in vain.

For e'en of those who felt his merits most,— 95
On whom his labours were not wholly lost,
How few cou'd judge the skill his works impart,
Or take his towering altitude of art !
But now with purer eye prepared to gaze,
By Taste as well as Fashion taught to praise, 100
We do him tardy justice, and explore
With pride those beauties unobserved before ;
Collect the wonders of his hand with care,
And estimate as jewels rich and rare ;
As brilliant gems of art as ever graced 105
The Muse of painting from the mine of taste.
No longer echoing envy's idle cry,*
Let fools exclaim, " how Reynolds' colours fly !"

* Reynolds at an early period of his practice, painted many

Behold in hues that rival Nature's glow,
Bright as the sunbeam or celestial bow ; 110
By Time untarnished, and by Genius crowned,
Our British Titian sheds his glory round.
While minor stars their weaker rays combine,
And former lights with feeble radiance shine ;

pictures, which, from the failures incident to an experimental process, have not preserved their brilliancy, though they retain qualities of colour and tone, which the artist and connoisseur know how to appreciate. It might be hoped however, that the general and indiscriminating impression on this subject had been now sufficiently corrected. But such is the force of prejudice operating on bad taste, that many persons who claim to be distinguished from the vulgar, have returned from the contemplation of the purest and most brilliant specimens of colouring which the art can now boast, without expressing any other sentiment than that of regret, that " Sir Joshua's colours do not stand,"

The magnificent assemblage of his works so lately before the public, did not indeed, (to use the witty simile of an artist, applied to a dif-

His single beam illumines the graphic skies, 115

And pours a summer's lustre on our eyes.

In all his works astonished Nature views

Her silvery splendors and her golden hues ;

Sublime in motion, or at rest serene,

Her charms of air and action, all are seen. 120

There Grace appears in ever-varied forms,

There Vigor animates and Beauty warms ;

While Character displayed in every stage,

Of transient life, from infancy to age,

ferent collection,) excite the idea of " a chemist's window." The ambition of Reynolds was to produce fine colouring, not fine colours. His was the chastened glow—the subdued splendor—the " deep-toned brilliancy of the ancients," which he so elegantly recommends in theory, and so successfully illustrates in practice—as to offer, in this respect, the purest precept and the best example of his art.

Strong in each line asserts the mind's controul, 125
And on the speaking feature stamps the soul.
There Imitation scorning dry detail,
Forbids that *parts* should o'er the *whole* prevail;
To Dow and Denner leaving all the fame,
The painful polishers of taste can claim, 130
Tho' free yet faithful to her trust remains,
And wastes no talent while she spares no pains.
And e'en where sometimes pure correctness fails,
A nobler character of form prevails—
A fire-fraught indication of design, 135
Beyond the mere, cold academic line;
Where Taste her seal affixes to excuse
The faults of Genius in her favourite muse.

Announcing study yet concealing art,
Here Execution plays her proper part ; 140
Light, airy, free, the pencil flows at will,
Yet seems to sport unconscious of its skill.
His hand impressed with painting's nobler aim,
Disdained the tribe who flourish into fame.
A spirit pure—in happy mean that moves, [proves,
Where practice prompts the sleight which truth ap-
To all his labours lends an air of ease,
And e'en in trifles teaches toil to please.
But chief, endowed in right of Taste he reigns *
Supreme o'er all her undefined domains ; 150

* The more we study the works of Reynolds, the more we find reason to admire the variety of merits which they display. In

Thro' Nature's paths his ardent course she guides,

And with Simplicity her sway divides :

Diffusing grace o'er Fashion's awkward forms,

In every touch her magic influence charms ;

colouring he has *often* equalled the best productions of Titian, he has *sometimes* surpassed them. The Author knows what he risks by this assertion, but it is time to speak out and do justice to the genius of our country. To Titian, as to the great, and long established model of truth and purity in colouring, every scientific eye must look with admiration and respect : but the Author confesses, that he has not been able to discover, even in the most celebrated productions of the Venetian School, an example of excellence in this department of Art, which would not, at present, suffer in comparison with some of the finest specimens of Reynolds.

In the management of light and shade, he unites to the vigour and science of Rembrandt, the delicacy and breadth of Correggio. In character and expression, he presents the truth of sentiment and action, without swell or exaggeration. His dignity is never the strut of the stage, nor his passion the struggle of grimace. In Taste, that peculiar power of the artist, which

“ Turns the happiest attitude of things,”

While all the ruder airs of life refine, 155

And vulgar shapes avoid her glance divine.

But where to fix amidst the general blaze,

This glowing sphere, this graphic heaven displays!

From star to star the eye delighted flies,

As dazzling round, the beams of Beauty rise. 160

he is absolutely without a rival in modern times. In spirit and facility of execution, and in all those merits of *mechanism*, *material*, and *surface*, which appear to be as much over-rated in our school, as they are under-rated in the schools of the continent, he has never been surpassed.

In composition indeed, though often successful, he cannot be said to be eminently skilled; and in design, he is confessedly deficient. This latter defect however, he manages with so much judgment, that his incorrectness seems more the result of negligence, than inability. He at least indicates what he fails to express; and as he never suffers the awkwardness of unsuccessful effort to appear, his academic deficiencies are hardly noticed amongst such varied accompaniments of acknowledged excellence.

Toned by one hand to harmony divine,
According tints in coloured concert join ;
And strong to truth as each chaste hue adheres,
The mellow majesty of Art appears.

While rapt Attention's eager glance devours 165
The pictured scene, and traces all its powers ;
What mixed emotions rise as we survey,
This bright assemblage of the Great and Gay !
Of all who late adorned the public stage,
The Wit—the Worth—the Fashion—of their age. 170
As fixed to view by some Enchanter's power,
In better aspect caught, and happier hour,
Heroes and Statesmen—Bards, and Beauties here,
In living lustre mock the world's career :

And seem assembled to receive with grace, 175
Their rival visitants—the present race.*

But who shall gaze upon the gorgeous train?
And think how few around him—now remain,

* On every Friday evening during the course of the Exhibition, the liberality of the Directors issued tickets of admission to the Gallery, which, by a judicious arrangement of lamps, was lighted up in such a manner, as to show the pictures to advantage. The peculiarity of the scene, rendered it powerfully attractive; and here were to be found in admiring groupes, the Rank, the Talent, and the Fashion of the day. This unexampled assemblage of the beauties of Art and Nature, formed a spectacle at once honourable to the character of the age, and interesting to every eye:

“ ’Twas Taste at home—a rout declared,
“ Where every Muse and Grace repaired;
“ Where Wit and Genius found a treat,
“ And Beaux and Beauties loved to meet.”

The Gallery seemed a temple dedicated to the honour of the Arts, where the Spirit of Reynolds was the presiding deity, and all were anxious to do homage at his shrine.

Reflect—of all, that here in triumph placed,
Partake the immortality of Taste, 180
How few survive to shew the picture's truth,
And prove in age the identity of youth.
What fires of Genius—fallen in Time's decay!
The Painter—and his Subjects—passed away!
What eye by Art's allurements so engrossed?— 185
Encircled thus by such a radiant host?
Can view unmoved those forms of life and bloom,
Those Lights so late extinguished—in the tomb?
Behold! as when applauding Senates heard
His ardent voice, and Slaves and Bigots feared, 190
Where Fox demands our homage, as of late,*
In prime of mind the Patriot met his fate.

* In selecting the various portraits which are introduced in the

The friend of Peace let every Muse commend,
And hail the Prince's and the People's friend.
The friend of Freedom—on whose rock sublime, 195
Britannia's throne withstands the tide of time.
The friend of Genius—for he felt the flame,
And longed to lead his Country's Arts to Fame.*

first part of his work, the author has, in many cases, been influenced less by the qualities of the picture, than those of the person represented. Though all the portraits he has mentioned are works of great ability, and most of them display distinguished excellence; yet were the merits of the art the only motive of choice, many others must have been preferred, which did not come within the author's plan to particularise in verse. Amongst those may be enumerated Sir Joshua's own portrait, Sir William Chambers, the Duke of Orleans, Bishop Newton, the late Mrs. Sheridan, and several others of eminent persons still living.

* The author has heard, from a distinguished character whose authority cannot be doubted, that Mr. Fox, when in office, a little before his last illness, declared to him, that it was his intention as a Minister, to do every thing to cultivate the arts, and stimulate to exertion the Genius of his country.

Let Afric's Sons before his image bow,
And weave their palmy garlands for his brow, 200
Who crowned the work that Clarkson's zeal began,*
And raised the Negro to the rights of man.
Ye Arts! whose honours wait on worth below—
That bid the marble breathe—the canvas glow,
To latest time the Patriot's form convey; 205
Resound his praise in every poet's lay;
Who, called to office in an arduous hour,
Employed his ebb of life—his span of power,
To hush the storm of Nations to repose,—
To heal the long afflicted Lybian's woes,— 210

* When we consider the enthusiastic devotion of this gentleman in the great cause alluded to, he appears not to have received his due portion of fame, amongst those who have been distinguished for their exertions to effect the abolition of the slave trade.

From Britain's brows to wipe the sanguine stain—
And free his country from "the curse of Cain."

Lo, Wyndham too! in wordy wars a name,
Of martial sound—and metaphysic fame;
A Wit—a Statesman—and almost a Sage, 215
With lofty step he trod the public stage;
Maintaining still in Senates and in Courts,
The Prince's privilege—and the People's sports;
In action fearless—in expression strong;
In right, regardless oft' of seeming wrong; 220
Well pleased in sportive humour, to dispense,
Or put in paradox the soundest sense;
He sometimes failed enforcing truths refined,
And marred conviction in the startled mind.

Too deep for dull expedients of the hour, 225

Too firm in principle for tools of power ;

With honest zeal he served his country's cause,

And in her safety—slighted her applause.

A gallant spirit, open, bold, and brave ;

In tempests calm and buoyant o'er the wave ; 230

A champion our cold age can scarce replace,

The last of Chivalry's heroic race.

Next Johnson view, great potentate of mind !

As erst the Sage, in easy chair reclined,

While Garrick, Burke, and Beauclerk swelled his train,

To Letters gave the law—in Ivy-lane.* 236

* The Club formed by Johnson in Ivy-lane, is well known to the readers of Boswell's interesting account of him.

Rough and uncouth of aspect, as he sits,
He seems to frown upon his vassal Wits;
To roll his awful front, and big with fate,
In sounds of thunder shake the Scribbling State: 240
On Learning's throne established—long he swayed
A factious realm—where few in peace obeyed;
Repressed each vain pretender of his time,
And ruled in Reason absolute, and Rhyme.
Like other Monarchs too, when called to quit 245
His lofty station in the world of Wit,
He left some signal trophies of his power,
To mark his reign to Time's remotest hour.
Raised by his single hand, a Temple sprung,
Where shine the treasures of his native tongue; 250

To former Genius too—a finished Fane,
Which like that tongue, immortal shall remain.
Where Britain's Bards their noblest homage claim,
And with their Critics proudly share their fame.
Immortal Burke ! thy honoured name recalls 255
An Image, more than wanting—on these walls,
Friend of his soul, thy aspect sure had graced,
The Painter's triumph in this treat of Taste,
Cou'd thy pure spirit from the skies have shown,
His glory touched thee nearer than thine own, 260
By all the sympathies of Genius swayed,
Their hearts drew closer as their years decayed ;
Warm friendship cheared their course thro' every stage,
And glowed unchilled beneath the frost of age.

Tho' Reynolds oft' with faithful pencil drew, 265
And gave the Statesman to his Country's view,
Cou'd none be found to mark their fond career,
And hang in proud commemoration here? *

* A portrait of Mr. Burke would have added considerably to the interest of the Collection. The public would have contemplated with eagerness, amongst the ornaments of our country here displayed, the aspect of a man of whom History will boast, as an Orator, an Author, a Statesman, and a Sage.

Mr. Burke in his " Letter to a Noble Lord, on the subject of his pension," thus affectingly alludes to the long and intimate friendship which subsisted between him, Lord Keppel, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. " It was but the other day, that on putting in order some things which had been brought here on my taking leave of London for ever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst those was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of pain, to the day of our final separation."

Alas ! nor here alone—with vain desire,
The Sage's reverend image we require ; 270
Look round—what fond memorials shall we find ?
His form is fading from the public mind :
No sculptured trophies from a thankless Land,
To fix it there, in brass or marble stand.
Ye shades of Genius !—glowing lights that shed, 275
The beams of Science on Britannia's head !
While yet you mark indignant from above,
The failing tribute of your Country's love,
Forgive the torpor which betrays her taste,
Which leaves your rites unpaid—your graves ungraced,
Which chills her Arts—their noblest function foils,* 281
And checks Ambition in immortal toils !

* The author, on a former occasion, lamented the general insen-

But see ! between each Muse of smiles and tears,
 The Master of the mimic scene appears ;
 Garrick—the Roscius of a nobler doom, 285
 The age of Shakspeare—in a second Rome ;

sibility on this subject. That men, whose genius is the proudest boast of their country, of whom,

“ The World has rung from side to side,”

should pass off the scene without any national tribute to their fame, or memorial of their services, is unhappily, too common an occurrence to excite surprise. It must however, be always matter of regret to those (who leaving out of the question all consideration of the Arts) believe that there is a generous admiration of great talents, which is worth cultivating—a noble enthusiasm for genius and virtue, which elevates the character of a people beyond the most prosperous speculations of interest, or the most successful enterprises of power. What becoming decorations of our senate house, would be the statues of those who have been its most distinguished ornaments ! how would the dignified representations of a Pitt, a Fox, and a Burke, excite the reverence and fire the emulation of the rising race. The expence of a tribute like this to the memory of such men, it would be absurd to suppose an object of consideration, even to the most pitiful econo-

To us unknown—a tale of other days!

A Phantom glittering in the glow of praise!

Yet here embodied by the pencil's aid,

Behold the Actor and his Art displayed!

290

mist of the public purse; and it must be a worse spirit than that of party, which could, on political grounds, refuse to pay homage to powers, which attracted the admiration of their age, and which all parties must believe to have been directed to promote, though by different means, the prosperity of their country:

“ Oh! when shall Britain conscious of her claim,

“ Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?

“ In living medals see her wars enrolled,

“ And vanquished realms supply recording gold?

“ Here rising bold the patriot's honest face,

“ There warriors frowning in historic brass.”

In these lines, Pope speaks of medals, but the principle of his complaint is, *the duty of commemorating great men and great actions.* And the example of the ancients which he recommends, is still more forcible in the nobler exertions of their commemorative arts.

While gay Thalia with resistless charms,
Allures the Drama's Monarch to her arms ;
And grave Melpomené with zeal contends,
Pointing to higher aims, and nobler ends,
With what expressive archness he regards, 295
Th' indignant Muse who still his steps retards !
Can pen explain, or fluent tongue unfold,
A grace of mirth or meaning here untold ?
We see the soul of Wit and Humour rise,
Flash o'er his face, and sparkle in his eyes ; 300
Alive—before our view, he seems to stand !
We hear him speak—and lift the applauding hand,
Forget the Painter in the Actor's praise,
And crown a Garrick's brows—with Reynolds' bays.

Yet not unrivalled on the stage of Taste, 305

Shall Garrick claim the scene by Siddons graced.*

In awful pomp—impassioned—yet serene,

Sublime in sorrow sits the Tragic Queen;

* As the Institution has commenced the formation of a Gallery of British Art, by the purchase of a picture from the present distinguished President of the Royal Academy, it would seem essential to their object, to procure also, a conspicuous example of the powers of his predecessor. To answer this end, the picture of the Tragic Muse, (if the proprietor could be induced to part with it) seems to be particularly calculated, as it combines more of the peculiar merits of Reynolds, than perhaps any other work of his, of similar dimensions. As a portrait, it displays a happy specimen of his excellence in that branch of his art, exemplified in one of the most favourable subjects, as well as the most celebrated characters of the age. As a personification of the Tragic Muse, it assumes the dignity of history, and by its characteristic accompaniments, displays the fancy of the poet, as well as the genius of the painter. In the management of light and shade, in colour and execution, it possesses every merit that can be desired in a model for the study and imitation of the British school.

In alluding to the purchase of Mr. West's picture, the Author

A solemn air—a self-sustained repose,
The Muse in meditative sadness shows ; 310
The tinge of grief her touching aspect wears ;
In mournful meaning fixed, her eye appears,

cannot resist the opportunity of paying his humble tribute of applause to the liberality of the Institution in this instance. In common he trusts, with every respectable member of his profession, he is gratified to see so proud a testimony of public favour conferred upon this great and venerable artist, who stands not only at the head of the Arts in this country, but who has produced works which take the lead of his competitors in every country of Europe. The Author considers this act of the Institution, not only as just and generous towards the artist, but as highly judicious towards the art. It is a powerful stimulus applied at a proper time and in the right place. The *student* is formed, and should find his appropriate incentive in the Academy. But the *matured artist* is the fit object for the Institution ; by encouraging and rewarding his exertions, they rouse to rivalry the ambition of the young, and a single act of liberal and enlightened patronage thus directed, shoots its electric influence through the whole body of art.

And seems a window, whence the soul of woe
Looks forth upon the suffering world below.
On either side—dread guardians of her state! 315
Terrific stand her ministers of fate;
At her command prepared to shake the soul,
To point the dagger—or present the bowl.
A glow divine—an awe-inspiring gloom,
That Gods themselves in thunders might assume, 320
In shadowy grandeur shrouds each fearful form,
While distant lightnings gild the encircling storm.
When ages hence the curious eye shall trace,
This form divine of dignity and grace,
Those radiant features—where the soul is seen, 325
And Beauty wears her most majestic mien,

No longer shall the Critic wondering hear,
How Siddons swayed at will the Tragic sphere.
How, o'er the heart supreme—with skill refined
She ruled the stormy elements of mind; 330
While torpid natures—never touched before,
Have thrilled in strong emotion to the core;
Awaked to sympathy—have learned to glow,
And wept and wondered—o'er unreal woe.*

Who that has read—and who but reads the page?
Where Wakefield's Vicar wins both youth and age; 336
Where touched from life with simplest grace and ease,
The Primrose family—for ever please?
Who that has traced the "Traveller," and pursued,
The map of Man, thro' various realms reviewed? 340

* This picture is in the Collection of William Smith, Esq. M. P.

But hails the minstrel of thy mournful tale,

“ Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the vale.”

Here, by his side who gave him first a name*—

While living—friendship, and when buried—fame ;

With Johnson, Burney, and Baretti placed, 345

Behold the Bard of Nature, Truth, and Taste.

Amongst those lights of mind see Hunter † shine,

While sense and science on his brow combine,

* In the first arrangement of the pictures, the portrait of Goldsmith was placed in the manner here mentioned. In the life of Johnson, an anecdote is related of his relieving Goldsmith, then in a state of obscurity and indigence, composing his *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson's recommendation of this work first introduced its author to the literary world, and his well known epitaph upon his friend, has stamped with the seal of authority, the reputation of the poet.

† The late John Hunter, the celebrated Anatomist.

Calm and sedate the thoughtful Sage appears,
His locks by study silvered more than years : 350
In contemplation fixed, his piercing eye,
Thro' Nature's secret paths wou'd seem to pry ;
Wou'd follow all her steps—unfold her plan,
And trace the triumph of her skill in Man.

And shall the Muse review those shades of Fame,
Yet pass regardless, Yorick ! of thy claim ? 356
Neglect to pour one grateful strain to him,
The soul alike of sympathy and whim,
Who struck the heart's full chord with skilful hand,
And smiles and tears held equal at command ? 360
No—while the fires of Wit and Humour warm,
While simple Nature's tenderest touches charm ;

While poor Maria's sorrows swell the breast,
And Trim and Toby shall his powers attest ;
Worked as he wills—while we each picture trace, 365
The Monk's pale aspect—or “ the peasant's grace,”
Behold the Captive his sad record keep—
Laugh with La Fleur—or with Le Fevre weep,
Our hearts must own his influence, and discern
The fire of Genius in the flash of Sterne. 370

By Taste conducted turn we now to those,
Who wrest their laurels from their country's foes :
Heroes whose Fame the Patriot soul inspires,
The Wellingtons and Nelsons of our sires.

Boscawen here behold, a gallant name ! 375
Which sunk in Falmouth loses half its fame,

Immortal deeds the well-known sound recalls,
Whose former glories gild our wooden walls.

See Keppel resting on the anchor stand,
An emblem of Britannia's high command ; 380
A valiant chief whom Peace and War commend,
The Painter's earliest Patron and his Friend.*

His country's honours here a veteran grace,
Whose Genius in our triumphs still we trace ;

* We are informed by the late Mr. Malone, in his " Account of Sir Joshua Reynolds." That in the year 1749, Lord Keppel, then a Captain in the navy, and commanding a squadron, took Reynolds out with him to the Mediterranean, on his way to Italy, accommodating him with the greatest kindness in his own ship. From the same source we learn also, that " a portrait of his friend and patron, Admiral Keppel, was the first work that attracted public notice on his return from Rome, and exhibited such powers, that he was acknowledged to be the greatest painter that England had seen since Vandyke."

Immortal Rodney ! first, the thought was thine; 385

To burst resistless thro' the embattled line ;*

To dare beyond all record, and explore

A path to Victory unpursued before.

Tho' worn by years and toils, the Hero's form

Is unsubdued, tho' shaken by the storm ; 390

Erect he stands—as still prepared to brave,

In Glory's cause—the Warrior and the wave.

Here clad in armour Stanhope strikes the sight,

Demands his casque—and rushes to the fight ;

A hero's haste his air and action shew, 395

His sword already flashes on the foe ;

* The late Mr. Cumberland, gives in his Memoirs, an interesting account of this extraordinary man, and particularly describes the

Confused afar, we see the battle rage,
And man and horse in misty gloom engage ;
While sanguine clouds in spiry volumes rise,
And War's hot breath inflames the burning skies. 400

Here Granby too, a hoary chief appears,
In arms grown old, and vigorous tho' in years.
His head uncovered, shews how time has bared
The soldier's front, yet still he stands prepared,
With coat of mail equipped and martial air, 405
Looks to the field, and longs to figure there.

Beside his master stands his mettled steed,

A trained Bucephalus of fiery breed ;

moment and the manner in which he first conceived the idea of breaking through the enemy's line of battle ; a manœuvre which he afterwards executed with such distinguished success.

Aroused he hears the trumpet on the plain,
Rears his proud crest and shakes his flowing main ; 410
While marshalled squadrons crowd the scene afar,
And o'er a province spreads the distant war.

Of every rank here shine the good or great,
The lights of Law and Letters—Church and State ;
In Camps or Courts who graced a polished age— 415
In lawn or ermine honoured—saint or sage.

Lo ! grouped in grave solicitude as friends,
In private councils pondering public ends,
Here Dunning—Barré—Landsdown look alive,
And thoughts of days endeared to Fame revive : 420
When general warrants fell—a giant brood !
By “ Wilkes and Liberty ” and law subdued.

Terrific frowns the judge in Thurlow's face,
In Mansfield, dignity assumes a grace ;
The Poet's mind, which first in Murray's fate,* 425
Had nearly marred a minister of state,
A mildness gives to magisterial awe,
And softens all the sterner traits of law.
With hand impartial still prepared to wield
The Sovereign's sword, or raise the People's shield, 430
Arrayed in state behold a Camden claim,
His country's reverence and his virtue's fame ;
His patriot aspect still the culprit awes,
And speaks the firm assertor of the laws.

* This ornament of the Bench was in early life a votary of the Muses, and if we believe Pope, would have been no unsuccessful suitor to their favour, if he had continued his homage at their shrine :

“ How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost ! ” Pope.

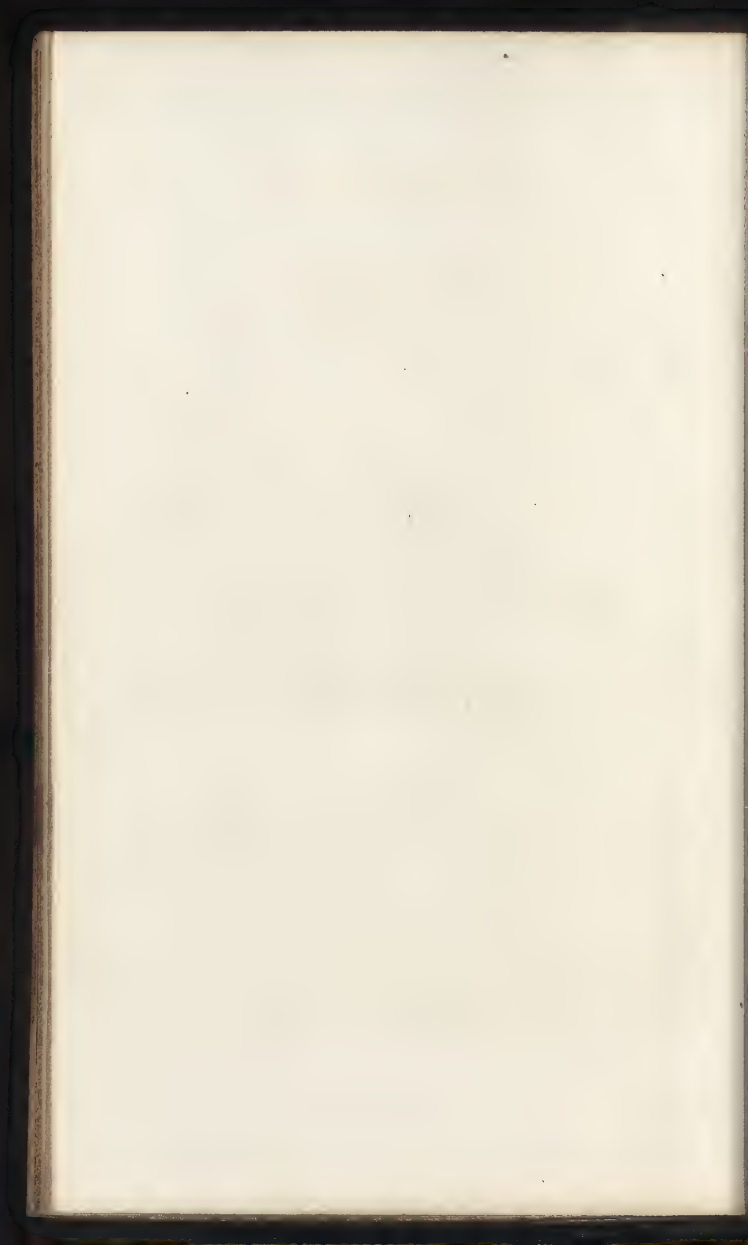
Blessed be the skill which thus enshrines the Great !
And rescues Virtue from Oblivious fate ! 436
Which seems to fix the falling stars of mind,
And still preserve their lustre to mankind !
Immortal Art ! whose touch embalms the brave !
Discomfits Death and triumphs o'er the grave : 440
In thee our Heros live—our Beauties bloom,
Defy decay, and breathe beyond the tomb !
Mirror divine, which gives the soul to view !
Reflects the image and retains it too ! 445
Recalls to Friendship's eye the fading face,
Revives each look and rivals every grace.
In thee the banished lover finds relief,
His bliss in absence, and his balm in grief.

Affection, grateful owns thy sacred power, 450
The father feels thee—in affliction's hour ;
When catching life ere some loved cherub flies
To take its angel station in the skies,
The portrait soothes the loss it can't repair,
And sheds a comfort—even on despair. 455
How bursts the flood of sorrow past control !
What sense of anguish rushes o'er the soul !
When turning from the last sad rite that gave
His heart's best joy for ever to the grave,
The widow'd husband sees his sainted wife, 460
In picture warm—and smiling as in life,
Sees her—and feels, that never more below,
That smile shall chear him in a world of woe.

Yet, tho' 'tis madness on that form to dwell,
Now cold and mouldering in its clammy cell, 465
Tho' each soft trait that seems immortal there,
But deeper strikes the dagger of despair,
Say—if for worlds he would the gift forego,
That mocks his eye, and bids its current flow?
No—while he gazes with convulsive thrill, 470
And weeps and wonders at the semblance still,
He breathes a blessing on the pencil's aid,
That half restores the substance—in the shade.
Immortal Art! nor sense of Taste as he,
Nor glow of soul, who finds no charm in thee; 475
His heart is shut to Nature—coarse and cold,
A clumsy cast of her half-finished mould:

For such in vain the beams of Beauty rise,
Adorn the earth and glitter in the skies :
In vain her charms the inchantress Fancy flings, 480
To deck the rough reality of things ;
To lure from low delights of sense, and raise
The ambrosial relish of immortal praise.
Well husked, and hard to every touch of grace,
They live a sordid, sensual, selfish race ; 485
Their passions grovelling and their pleasures gross,
Their very virtues—like their minds morose ;
With evil eye they view the gentler train
Of peaceful joys and pant for riot's reign ;
Foment the civil feud—the factious jar, 490
Harsh heard in discord still—and ripe for war.

THE
COMMEMORATION
OF
REYNOLDS.



PART THE SECOND.

Analysis.

Allusion to the Portraits of eminent living characters contained in the Collection—Reason stated why they are not particularly noticed in the present work —Transition to the powers of Reynolds in subjects of Poetry and History—His excellence in works of fancy, illustrated in the pictures of Puck from the ‘Midsummer Nights’ Dream’—The infant Hercules, strangling the Serpents—Venus chiding Cupid —His peculiar skill in catching the natural grace of children; and his humorous practice, of representing them under characters of strong contrast with their playful expression and appearance—as, in the infant Jupiter—the infant Bacchus—the young Hannibal—Harry the VIIIth, &c.—Description of his picture of the Infant Academy—Apostrophe to Beauty, as the peculiar object of inspiration to the Painter—The excellence of Reynolds in representing Female Beauty, generally stated, and particularly illustrated in the picture of Cymon and Iphigenia —The moral character of his pencil in works of this description—Reprobation of those Artists who degrade the Arts to immoral purposes—The powers of Reynolds in subjects of poetic character and strong passion—Illustrated in the picture of Ugolino and his Sons—In the Death of Cardinal Beaufort—The Death of Dido,

and the scene with Macbeth and the Witches—Address to the Spirit of Reynolds—General observations on his merits, character, and claims to the gratitude of his country—Allusion to his loss of sight, and death—Address to the rising race of Artists to profit by the example of Reynolds, and to preserve the purity of taste which he introduced—Prospects of advancement to the Arts, when Peace shall have produced leisure for their cultivation, under the auspices of an enlightened Prince, stimulating, by his example, the patriotic taste of a liberal people.

PART THE SECOND.

PLEASED, cou'd the Muse in lengthened verse proclaim
The Portraits' merits—or the subjects' fame ;
Thro' other forms, pursue the Fair and Great,
And from the Sovereign—range thro' half the state :
But no, she proud forbears the alluring theme, 5
Where panegyric might like flattery seem.
Tho' worth departed, prompts the impartial line,
She pays no homage at the living shrine :*

* In the preceding part of this work, the reader, will have observed two exceptions to what is here asserted. The picture described in page 41, beginning with this line " Here clad in armour

Lest Adulation might be thought to wear
The mask of Taste, to pour her incense there. 10
Else, might she dext'rous point the prudent lay,
And from the Painter—to the Patron stray :
Approach in placid rhyme the Royal ear,
And in the picture—slily praise the Peer.

Stanhope strikes the sight," the author finds to be the portrait of the present Earl of Harrington.

What is said of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, forms the second exception. But he, must have little sensibility to excellence, who, in a work like the present, could forbear, in compliance with any limitation, however generally necessary, to express his admiration of this noble specimen of the powers of Art ; which Barry (no partial eulogist of Reynolds) has declared to be " both as to the ideal and the execution, the finest picture of its kind in the world."

From the merits of the portrait, the transition to those of the original was irresistible ; and few will be surprised, that the author, although wholly unknown to this great actress, should have seized so natural an opportunity of paying his feeble tribute to her powers.

To other toils, which yet untouched remain, 15

The growing theme recalls the excursive strain :

To other toils—where praise may free expand,

And nobler palms impassioned scenes demand :

Where strong emotion tries the Painter's skill,

Where Fancy sways—and Reynolds triumphs still. 20

For not confined, with master hand to trace,

The living likeness, and familiar face ;

To free the Portrait from minute detail,

And o'er the cold fac-simile prevail :

His pencil soars to History's higher sphere, 25

And Genius still directs his proud career.

Whether, allured to stray in flowery groves,

Where blooming nymphs recline in green alcoves,

Or led, in lofty thought and bold design,
Thro' all the Virtues—to their source divine ; 30
Whether, he sport in Fiction's fairy clime,
Or give to view, the glorious facts of time ;
In Passion's fiery tempests plunge, and there
Arrest the fixed—grim feature of Despair ;
Still o'er the scene, where'er his fancy leads, 35
The flowers of taste spring forth as he proceeds ;
Prompt at his call, the powers of Art obey,
And Truth, and Nature, consecrate his sway.

See playful Puck—transferred from Shakspeare's page, .
With fairy grace, and infant glee engage ; 40
O'er all his frame the mirthful mischief glows,
Thrills thro' each limb, and tingles in his toes ;

We trace the roguish thought—the purpose sly—
The laugh electric—twinkling in his eye ;
Th' inspiring soul of fun, where'er he flies, 45
A thousand forms of freak and frolic rise ;
Capricious pranks, and tickling whimses reign,
And giddy gambols follow in his train.
Here, prompt to aid in every wanton scheme,*
And weave o'er Bottom's brows, the witching dream ;

* Doctor Johnson, in one of his notes on Shakspeare, states, that
“ In fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of
Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of
queen Mab—called by Shakspeare, Titania.—Puck's own account
of himself is ludicrous and characteristic :

“ ————— Thou speak'st aright,
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal :
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

The Elfin sits—where fairy flowers abound,
And from his toad-stool scatters charms around.

51

The young Alcides, next, with awe behold,*
A demi-deity, renowned of old ;

In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

This exquisite representation of " that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow," is the property of Samuel Rogers, Esq. the distinguished Poet ;

The Bard of Memory,—whose pure strain supplies
Those pleasures he has taught us how to prize.

His mighty frame the future giant proves, 55
The god, tremendous in his cradle moves ;
While yet a child, the powers of strength appear,
He seems already, ripe for his career ;
To Danger's lap with daring love resorts,
And preludes to his labours—in his sports. 60
While o'er his couch terrific serpents rear
Their speckled crests—and for their prey prepare,

Mr. Rogers also contributed several other excellent pictures to the Exhibition. The Cupid and Psyche, the Sleeping Girl, and Strawberry Girl.

* This picture is the study made for the large picture of "Hercules strangling the Serpents," painted for the late Empress of Russia. It is much to be regretted, that this work, which is one of the largest and most splendid productions of Sir Joshua's pencil, has not remained amongst us, as a trophy of his taste and an ornament of his country.

Sublime, in self-collected might he glows,
And darts an eye indignant on his foes :
His lips, with energy divine compressed, 65
His chin half buried in his swelling chest,
With what dread force, undaunted as he lies,
The vigorous infant seizes on his prize :
Beneath his grasp, their writhing folds untwine,
Their eye-balls bursting from their sockets shine ; 70
Foul vapours from their gasping jaws expire,
And flames dart hissing from their tongues of fire.

Here, Cupid pouts to find his mother chide,*
And wipes his eyes—and whimpers at her side ;

* From the collection of Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. whose zeal and activity in the service of the Arts, entitle him to the acknowledgments of every friend to their promotion.

With serious air, the Goddess tries to blame 75

His blunted arrows, and his careless aim ;

Forbids his idle sports with faithful hearts,

And threats, no more to trust him with her darts.

To catch the simple grace—untutored—wild,

As Nature's hand presents the cherub child ; 80

While each loose limb in careless action moves,

And no stiff rule th' elastic spring reproves,

Was Reynolds' passion,—much he loved to trace,

While yet unspoiled, the Lilliputian race ;

Ere tyrant Fashion—toiling hard to please, 85

Had buckram'd dignity, and banished ease.

Oft too, contrasting, in his sportive hours,

Their pictured characters, and pigmy powers,

He marks in mock sublime, each infant grace,
And gods, and warriors, frown with dimpled face : 90
Thus, baby Joves, their tiny thunders wield,
And little Hanibals—defy the field :
'Midst clustering grapes, a bold boy Bacchus view,
While tyrant Harry, struts—in chubby Crewe.

But chief, the Infant School of art displays,* 95
His pencil's spirit, and his palette's blaze,
There, Humour triumphs—there, burlesqued appear,
The prim position—and affected leer :
So pure a grace of gaiety and whim,
Laughs in each look, and sports in every limb ; 100
While self-pleased Folly seems so slily hit,
So glows the progeny of Taste and Wit ;

* The Infant Academy, from the Collection of Lord Palmerston,

'Tis, as from heaven, a groupe of Cupids came,
To bring the vixen Vanity to shame ;
To fix the shaft in Fashion's feathery brain, 105
And free the Graces from his awkward reign ;
To rescue Beauty—by his hand defaced ;
And lead the Fair to Nature, Truth, and Taste.

Hail, Beauty, hail ! Etherial beam that plays
On human hearts, and kindles Passion's blaze ! 110
His fires to thee, immortal Genius owes,
Of thee enamoured still his bosom glows ;
Blessed in thy smile, he burns with double flame,
And tastes his heaven on earth—in love, and fame ;
The only joys a care-worn world can give, 115
Which make it bliss—to feel, and life—to live.

Sun of his world ! as to the orb of day,
The flower reverting, drinks its vital ray,
To thee, the painter, turns his eye—his heart,
His lamp of life !—his light and heat of Art ! 120
Thy visions beaming o'er his fate, diffuse
The glow of Taste—the lustre of the Muse ;
They cheer his arduous progress, and repair
The wrongs of Fortune, in his course of care.

Warm at her shrine, when Reynolds, early paid 125
His ardent vows, and first invoked her aid,
The Goddess, soon, her favourite's claim allowed,
And drew her votary, from the vulgar crowd ;
Led him to fields, which no rude step defiles ;
On Nature's lap, where infant Beauty smiles ; 130

To secret bowers, where oft', reclined of yore ;
For Zeuxis' sake, fair Helen's form she wore :
Where, full revealed—in all her heaven of charms,
She blessed Apelles—in Campaspe's arms.

Where Titian too, more recent, wont to rove, 135
'Midst Loves and Graces—favourite of the grove ;
Her image traced, thro' every form and hue,
With rapture wrought, and rivalled as he drew.

Here, Reynolds oft' with Taste, delighted strayed,
And caught some nymph divine, in every shade. 140
To meet his eye, where'er the master moved,
The bowers grew brighter, and the paths improved ;
In glowing groups, the Graces, sought to shine,
And asked for life—in his immortal line.

Fired by the scene, he seized the sportive band,* 145

The gay creation bloom beneath his hand,

As round his magic glass, the nymphs repair,

And Love, and Beauty, leave their image there.

Here, first, in cool embowering shade reposed,

Her form unveiled—her eyes in slumber closed, 150

A nymph, he found, with Iphigenia's air,†

And drew with faithful hand, the dazzling fair,

* To particularise the various subjects of this kind, which in the present collection deserve attention and admiration, would too much extend this work, and occasion an ungraceful repetition of the terms of Art, but no praise can exaggerate the merits of the "Nymph and Boy," "the Snake in the Grass," "Venus and Cupid," and "Sleeping Boy."

† Cymon and Iphigenia. This splendid example of all that is warm, rich, and harmonious in colouring, is in the collection of the Marchioness of Thomond. Her Ladyship, contributed more largely, than any other person, to the magnificent display of art which reflected so much honour on the genius of her Uncle, and which, she must have witnessed with such peculiar exultation.

As Sol, to aid him, sent a golden gleam,
And thro' the burning branches shot his beam ;
While Cymon, stealing soft—by Cupid led, 155
To view the beauty, on her flowery bed,
With wonder gazes, and as passion fires,
To win the glorious prize of love aspires.
Yet, true to moral, tho' with humour sly,
Expression's pencil marks the meaning eye ; 160
Tho' cloudless there—in all the blaze of light,
The orb of beauty—bursts upon the sight,
No touch impure, pollutes the pencil's aim,
Or burns on virgin cheeks, the blush of shame :
Disdaining all the coarse allures of sense, 165
A polished archness sports without offence,

Aspires to touch with chaster hand the heart,
And hits the mark—but not with poisoned dart.

No painter, he, who does not love to trace
The form of Beauty—bright in native grace, 170
Fresh, as from Nature's hand, the fair is found,
A living lustre!—beaming heaven around :
And pure, the glowing toil, when undebased
The heart of Genius, and the hand of Taste :
But sure, no scorn too bitter, can pursue, 175
Or hiss, reviling, from the public view,
The venal slave, who, sold to sin and shame,
The scandal of his country, and his name ;
To purpose base can prostitute his art,
And in the Painter—act the pander's part. 180

The desperate wretch, who rushes wild abroad,
And risks his life, to rob the public road,
While starving infants stretched beneath his shed,
In piercing peal, vociferate—for bread :

The profligate, in vice and folly deep, 185

Who lulls his conscience, and his creed asleep,

Who wastes his life in outrage, and offence,

And riots in each rank debauch of sense ;

Have, each, some specious palliative to plead,

Some powerful passion—or imperious need, 190

Which finding Virtue's vulnerable part,

By sap, or storm, subdues the enfeebled heart ;

They pay, themselves, the forfeit of their crimes,

A warning, not a wound, to future times.

But he, who, at his easel, safe retired ; 195
By neither want impelled, nor passion fired ;
Can there, the noblest gifts of heaven employ,
To poison deep, the purest springs of joy :
Who, like the mad Ephesian, in his aim,
Wou'd launch thro' time a reprobated name, 200
Wou'd fling his brands—'gainst Dian's temples hurled,
And fire the moral structure of the world :
For him, who, virtue's most degraded foe,
Corrupts e'en Taste, to strike the coward blow ;
The cold-blood culprit, whose ambitious crime, 205
Wou'd stimulate the lust of future time ;
For him, no hope of pardon can remain,
And Mercy pleads for his offence in vain.*

* In a former publication the author has touched on this subject,

But still, her theme, th' applausive verse invites,
And Taste, reproachful, points to prouder flights; 210
To flights, sustained in Passion's stormy clime,
Where Painting soars, on moral wing sublime;
Each nobler attribute of Art combines,
And, with her own—the Poet's wreath entwines.

Lo! where displayed, in Dante's dreadful tale,* 215
The pencil's labours, o'er the lyre prevail;

but no opportunity should be lost, to guard the honourable purity of the British school from this foreign pollution: to hold up to contempt and detestation, an offence, which degrades the noblest of Arts to an immoral engine of the most pernicious influence, and sinks the painter and his patron, to the same low level of vulgar depravity. Among the many eminent native artists, whose genius, at present, reflects lustre on this country, the author declares with pride, that he believes, there is not one example of a mercenary departure from the moral dignity of the Arts, or one instance, in which the pencil has been dishonoured in the service of sensuality.

* Count Ugolino and his Children in the dungeon; from the

Impress the soul, beyond the Minstrel's art,
And thrill with sympathy, the swelling heart.
Aghast with horror—sits the hoary Sire,
While, at his feet, his famished Sons expire ; 220
Mute are his pangs—his grief no utterance needs,
The father's heart—in every feature bleeds.
In his sad eye “ no speculation” ’s found,
He gazes—not regards—the scene around ;
A fixed—straight-forward—sightless look—that shews,
The sense is absent—brooding o'er his woes. 226

collection of the Duke of Dorset. The late Lord Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, pays a just tribute of commendation to the extraordinary merit of this work, and exclaims “ In what age were paternal despair, and the horrors of death, pronounced with more expressive accents than in the picture of Ugolino?”

That marks the soul shut up—enclosed with Care,
Imprisoned—in the dungeon of despair.

Already, sunk in death, his Gaddo falls,

The first set free from those relentless walls: 230

With haggard aspect, and exhausted force,

His brother, half sustains the livid corpse ;

In vain, for help, exclaims with frantic air,

And shudders at the fate—he soon must share.

A dismal gleam, the deadly visage shews, 235

And lights Affection—to her worst of woes ;

Sheds o'er th' appalling scene so dire a day,

The cold, dark tomb—were refuge from its ray.

The young Anselmo, too,—his darling boy,

His winter's blossom, and his age's joy : 240

Clings to his knees, and twining round his arms,
In piteous accents, utters wild alarms.
Calls on his love, for aid he can't impart,
And looks—a look—to freeze a father's heart.
By sudden tempest blighted—wan, and weak, 245
The rose has perished on his palid cheek :
Where bloom, and health in downy dimples lay,
Gaunt famine feeding, wastes her infant prey.
Yet, tho' in his changed look, no more we trace,
The peachy softness, and the cherub grace, 250
Tho' pain, and terror, each sharp feature share,
The pitying eye, beholds the angel there ;
Beholds—and weeps—that saddest sight below,
The face of Innocence—in fear and woe.

But what sad victim here, of crimes untold,* 255

Arrests the sight,—that shudders to behold?

With conscience more contending than with death,

Ambitious Beaufort, yields his parting breath.

* The Death of Cardinal Beaufort, originally painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, now the property of the Earl of Egremont.

This is one of the works, upon which, the advocates of Reynolds will be disposed to rest his claim to be considered as the rival of Titian. It would indeed, be difficult to point out a merit of colouring or *chiaro scuro*, which it does not possess in its most perfect example. The composition of the scene affords an illustration of a principle which Reynolds has inculcated in his Discourses, maintaining in substance, that it is allowable for the Artist, to avail himself of the compositions of his predecessors, provided, he makes them his own, by a judicious adaptation to his purpose. The principal figures in the present group, are taken, with some alteration, from a picture of Poussin, of which, a print is in the author's possession; and the ingenuity with which he has moulded his borrowed materials to his subject, amply fulfills the condition upon which, he states such a practice to be admissible.

The "busy meddling Fiend" couched at the pillow of the Car-

A ghastly grin, denotes—in direful fray,

He meets the King of Terrors, with dismay ; 260

He writhes—he raves—convulsed with pain, and fear,

And all he dreads hereafter—suffers here.

For, not the body's agony, alone,

We trace in each distorted feature shown ;

dinal, has furnished much food for criticism. All those who honour the Arts so far, as to ascribe to them, a power of discrimination in expression, which Nature herself, would, at such a moment of complicated agony, find it rather difficult to exemplify, have been disposed to consider the introduction of this preternatural personage, as an awkward expedient to evade a difficulty which it was the Painter's business to overcome.—But the author will not trust himself with the discussion of this topic, as he fears, it would lead him far beyond the allowable limits of a note. The reader, however, will find Sir Joshua's judgment, in this instance, vindicated on sound principles, in the "Memoirs of Reynolds" by Mr. Northcote, who, in aid of his own sentiments, quotes an able defence of the same picture, from the Lectures of the late Mr. Opie.

The busy Fiend, the power of guilt declares, 265

'Tis the soul's anguish—and the wretch despairs.

Beside the bed of death—with upraised hand,

We see his pious—pitying Sovereign, stand :

In vain, to touch the sinner's heart he tries,

Or wake his hope of mercy in the skies : 270

Remorse, anticipates the wrath divine,

In horror plunged, " he dies and makes no sign." *

Here, passion's victim—hapless Dido lies,†

To love—a self-devoted sacrifice ;

* " Lord Cardinal if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

" Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

" He dies and makes no sign : O God forgive him!

King Henry the VIth, 2d Part. Act. 5, Scene 3.

† The Death of Dido, from the sixth book of the *Æneid*. In the collection of the Marchioness of Thomond.

Far on the wave, the bark appears in sight, 275
That bears the false Æneas, in his flight :
Who called by fate, with broken vows repaid,
Her trusting heart, and all her hopes betrayed.
While, o'er the pile, the pitchy cloud aspires,
And Nature, shudders at the crackling fires; 280
Consumed by love—she feels no other flame,
But welcomes death, and forfeits life, and fame.
In wild affliction venting loud alarms,
The faithful Anna spreads her frantic arms,
Hangs o'er her form in fatal pomp arrayed, 285
And weeps the cruel wound, despair has made,
While Iris, blooming in a thousand hues,
And dropping diamonds, in celestial dew,

By Juno sent, aloft in air is seen,
To view with pity, the expiring queen ; 290
And, bending nearer, as the flames expand,
She cuts the golden lock, with glowing hand ;
Due tribute pays to Pluto's dread control,
And from the body, frees the struggling soul.

But lo ! while thunders rock the unhallowed ground,
And viewless fiends, in whirlwinds howl around, 296
Where Magic's monsters rise—and grim as death,
With all their host of horrors—hail Macbeth.*
Here, meet the midnight hags, in impious rites,
Communing with the dreary world of sprites ; 300

* This picture also, was originally painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, and is now the property of the Earl of Egremont.

Fell Hecate here, upon her hideous throne,
Of ghastly skulls composed, and human bone ;
While each weird sister, at her side sustains,
Her baleful office in those dire domains ;
Prepares her philtres—casts her spells around, 305
And calls pale spectres from the vast profound.
While dark portents, in visions wild, and vain,
From crime, to crime, allure the aspiring Thane ;
Inflame his guilty hopes—his fate control,
And to its centre, shake his daring soul ; 310
What shapes of terror strike his wondering eyes !
What awful forms, of mien majestic rise !
In misty grandeur move the monarch shades,
Till lost afar, the long succession fades.

Here, Banquo, bleeding from the deadly blow, 315

With vengeful aspect frowns upon his foe ;

And points the mirror where, reflected strong,

A second, sceptered pageant stalks along.

Blue flames, beneath the boiling cauldron flare,

And o'er the cavern cast a dismal glare, 320

Where, things most foul and monstrous, rush to sight,

And goblins, glimmer in the dusky light :

While, hand in hand—of airy form and grace,

A group, too fair, for witchcraft's withered race ; *

* Some controversy is said to have been excited also, on the propriety of introducing these figures ; and the Author has heard, that the late Alderman Boydell, for whom the picture was painted, objected to them strongly, as unauthorized by the text of Shakspeare. Reynolds, however, who has proved himself worthy of embodying the conceptions of our immortal Bard, had too just, as well as too

In wanton circles wreathe around the fire, 325
And dance to strains of incantation dire.

But let me check the lay—too long, I deem,
The Muse, diffusive o'er a favorite theme,

exalted an idea of the privileges and proprieties of his Art, to allow his fancy to be fettered by unessential, or subservient considerations. His pencil was not to be trammelled in tame, or servile imitation. He, very properly, conceived himself entitled to compose in the spirit, rather than according to the letter of his author—to avail himself of all those accessories of characteristic impression, and picturesque effect, which are congenial to the nature of his Art, and often essential to its excellence: in short, he considered himself called on, to paint the scene, as the poet himself would have represented it, if he had been a painter. The poet, or the artist, who translates, or illustrates an author on any other principle, may follow him with fidelity and reverence, but will never represent him with spirit and grace. He may be the imitator, but he will never be the rival of his original. Few, who have attended to the graphic influence of contrast, in strengthening character, deciding passion, and urging to its utmost limits, the general impression of the scene, will regret the exercise of the pictorial privilege in question, on the present occasion.

Has strayed; nor thought how few such theme can please,
Or touch in times "so out of joint" as these. 330
Unmindful too, how feebly flows the line,
Which thus aspires to paint thy powers divine,
Immortal Reynolds!—yet, the strain excuse,
'Tis the heart's tribute of a grateful Muse;

Nothing more strongly marks the purity of taste which distinguished the mind of Reynolds, than the complete success with which, he has avoided the vices of dramatic imitation, even in those productions, the subjects of which have been professedly derived from plays. Thus, though he must have often witnessed the performance of *Macbeth*, yet there is no trace of the Theatre, to be discovered in the present work. Whether we consider the conception of his subject, or the arrangement of his materials, the characters, action, dress, or decoration, he appears to have been wholly uninfluenced by the ostentatious seductions of scenic representation. This absolute rejection, or rather indeed, this anxious avoidance of all histrionic aid or embellishment, sufficiently indicates the opinion of Reynolds as to the practice of studying the pictures of the Stage; which has been not unfrequently, recommended to the painter.

A Muse, whose fancy still, thy fires inflame, 335
Who feels thy worth, and would assert thy fame.
Dare she but hope, her rough unpolished rhymes,
Might sound amid the songs of future times ;
Cou'd she, like Byron, pour the lay that lives,
And makes immortal the renown it gives : 340
Or touch, like Moore, the Muses' sweetest lyre,
In strains, that love, or glory might inspire ;
Then, when decayed,—like all that blooms below,
Thy breathing canvas shall no longer glow ;
When years, o'er years revolving, shall deface 345
Thy forms of beauty, and thy turns of grace ;
When, like Apelles, now,—a name alone,
Thy pencil's trophies shall no more be shown,

And quite withdrawn, thy orb's reflected rays,
Butt faintly tinge the floating clouds of praise ; 350
Then, shou'd her verse, with each fond record vie,—
Thee failing evidence of Art supply ;
Unequalled still, transmit thy triumphs down,
Deepest heard amid the echoes of renown ;
Exulting spread thy fame thro' every clime, 355
And peal thy glories in the ear of Time.

Exclusive praise, shall Rome, or Venice claim,
While favored Britain boasts her Reynolds' name?
By rival states, with taunting sneer surveyed,
And stigmatised,—as plodding sons of trade, 360
Shall we reject the wreath his taste bestows?
And justify the slanders of our foes?

O'erlook the fund of fame his powers supply,
Our Arts dishonour, and our clime decry?
No, just to Genius, tho' beneath our skies, 365
The native plant, in strength spontaneous rise,
Let Albion claim due honours for her son,
And proudly wear the laurels he has won ;*
With grateful zeal, past apathy atone,
And in his triumphs,—vindicate her own. 370

And you, ye Sons of Art ! whose souls disdain,
To plod, and prosper—in the paths of gain !
Who touched by Taste, to Painting's shrine repair,
And crowd, as votaries, or as victims there ;

* Mr. Burke, in the eloquent character of his friend, published immediately after his death, justly observes, that “ he was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant Arts, to the other glories of his country.”

Approach—with eager step, approach, and pay 375

Your homage here—where Truth and Nature sway.

Behold his bright example, and pursue,

The proud career he opens to your view.

Behold, and while ambitious thoughts inflame

Your rising hopes, to rival Reynolds' fame ; 380

Reflect, tho' graced with all the powers of mind,

That mark a soul for lofty flight designed ;

By patient study still, he sought to rise,

And time, and toil, esteemed his best allies.

In him, Ambition's purest passion glowed,* 385

And prized no wreaths, but those good sense bestowed,

* About twenty lines of this passage, have been taken from a former work of the author's. They are now inserted here, as appropriate to the design of the present publication.

With candour fraught, yet free without offence ;
The mildest manners, and the strongest sense ;
The best example, and the brightest rule ;
His life, a lesson, and his Art, a school : 390
Behold him, run his radiant course, and claim,
Thro' half an age, an undisputed fame ;
Still to the last, sustain his proudest height,
Nor drop one feather in so bold a flight.
But Fate, at length, with darker aspect frowned, 395
And sent a shaft that brought him to the ground ;
Obscured the glowing sky, so long serene,
And cast in shades of night—his closing scene.
In Leo, thus, when Sol refulgent reigns,
And Summer fervors scorch the panting plains ; 400

Nor mists appear, nor exhalations rise,
To dull the dazzling radiance of the skies;
Till downward verging in his course divine,
A milder lustre marks the day's decline;
Ascending slow, an earthy vapour shrouds, 405
His parting splendors, and he sets in clouds.

But, in his works, we see his spirit breathe,
And Glory crowns him with a double wreath:
His pen, and pencil, equal light impart,
And Letters, yield him palms, as well as Art. 410
The glowing precepts in his practice traced,
Receive, and reverence, as the Code of Taste.
The laws by Nature sanctioned, long endure,
His rule is reason, and his sway secure.

Already, founded on his stile, behold, 415

The British School superior powers unfold ;

Subdue the prejudice of Taste, and prove

Their just pretensions to their country's love ;

'Midst Europe's Arts, their equal trophies claim,

And with the sword's—unite the pencil's fame. 420

Led by his light, shall Britain's Genius rise,

And wrest from rival climes the graphic prize ;

To heights, beyond the boast of time attain,

And add new triumphs to a Brnnswick's reign.

For, when the thunder sleeps, and War's red hand,

In his own breast shall plunge his baffled brand ; 426

When Peace, once more, her guardian wings shall spread,

And Arts, rejoicing, rear the drooping head ;

A patron Prince, shall call their wonders forth,
Revive their vigour, and reward their worth; 430
Redeem the generous pledge he gave, and raise *
His noblest trophies,—in his people praise.

* At the dinner of the Royal Academy, given in May 1811, the Prince Regent, who, for many years, condescended to honour with his presence, this Annual Festival of the Arts, expressed sentiments of attachment to their interests, which, will be long remembered by those who were present on the occasion.

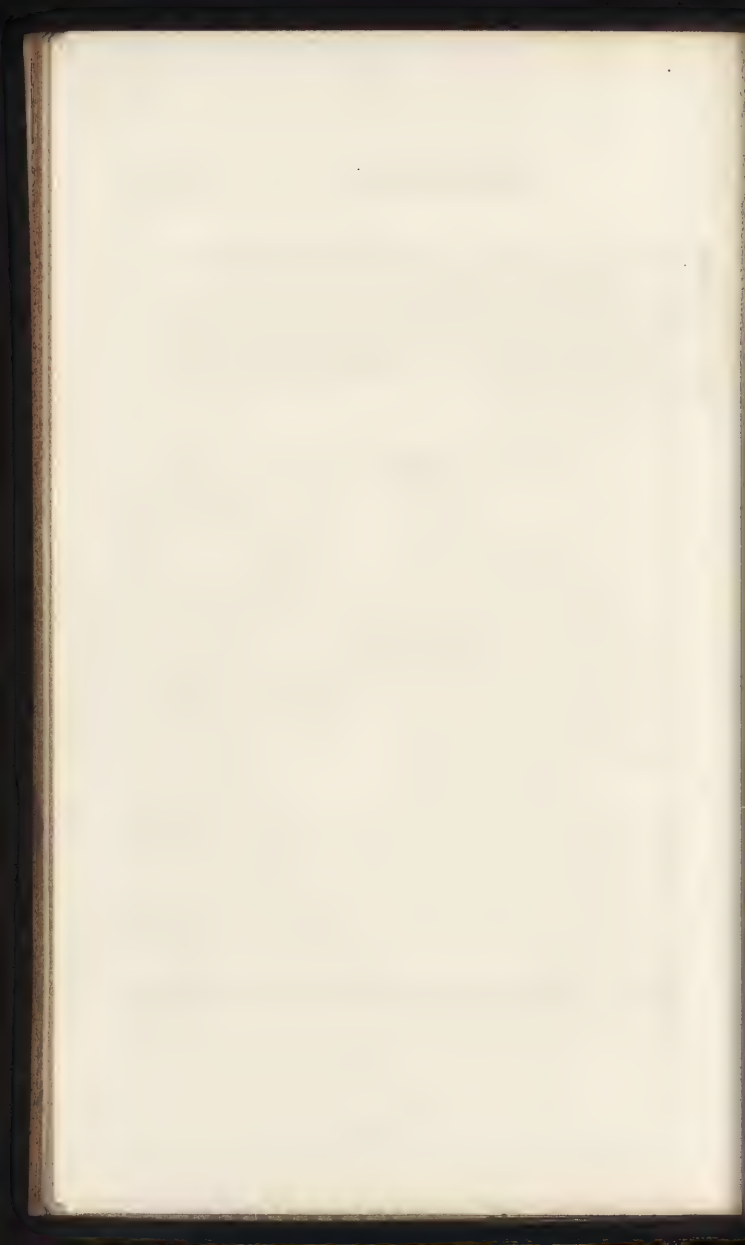
With an energy, and eloquence which, in a speech evidently proceeding from the impulse of the moment, must have surprised the most experienced orator, His Royal Highness, delivered an address calculated to give the highest impression of his liberality, and to excite the warmest expectation of that patronage and protection of the Arts, which, policy and munificence, alike dictate to an enlightened prince.

His Royal Highness, commenced by observing, that although he was aware, there were many noblemen and gentlemen present, better qualified than he was, to speak on the subject, yet, he could not resist the desire he felt, to express his gratification at the extraordinary display of excellence, which the walls of the Academy that day presented to their view. As an Englishman, he felt proud of the genius of his

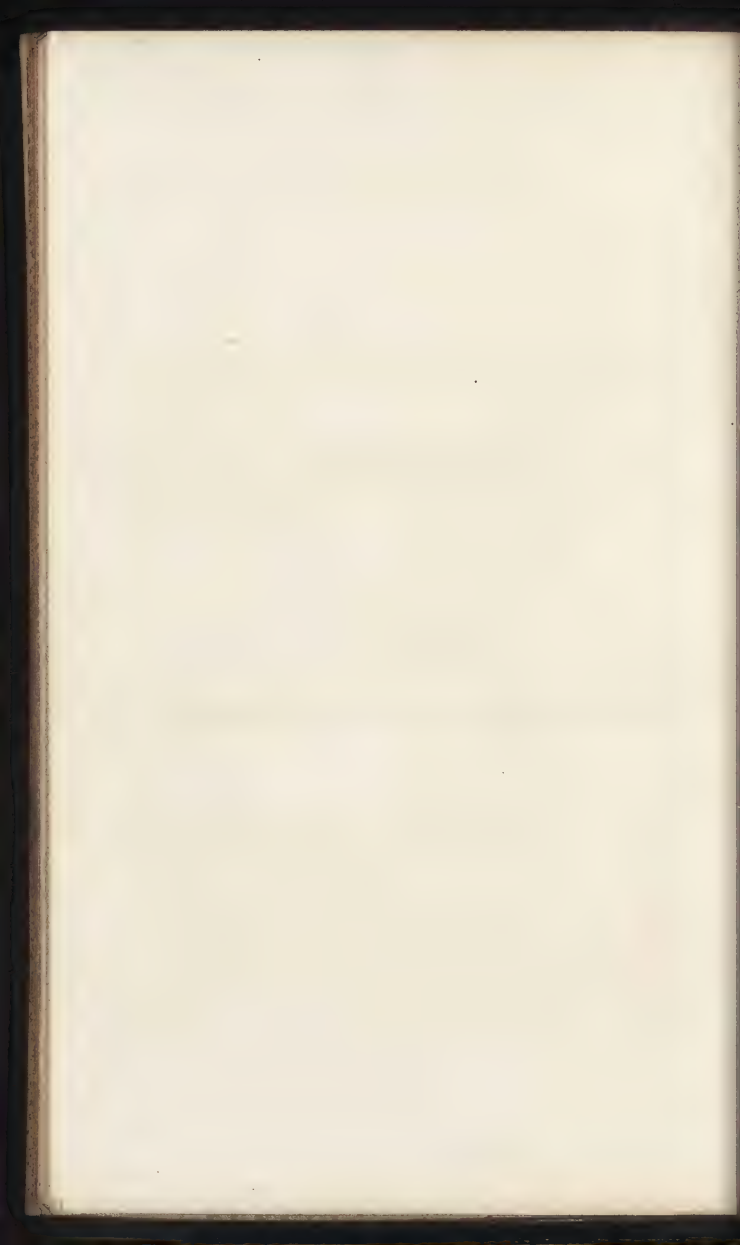
country. He saw around him, portraits, of which, a Vandyke might boast; and landscapes, which Claude himself, would not blush to own: in short, in every department of Art, he beheld examples of excellence, which reflected equal credit on the Academy and the Country. As an Englishman, (His Royal Highness again observed, with great energy) he exulted to behold a progress so conspicuous in those liberal pursuits, which are as useful, as they are ornamental to a state: and he had no doubt, that Great Britain, would soon be as distinguished in Arts, as she was powerful in Arms, as she was pre-eminent in public happiness, and superior, in her constitution, her laws, and her liberties. In the situation in which he was placed, (His Royal Highness declared) it would always be his pride, to assist in the cultivation of objects so important to the prosperity, and so ennobling to the character of a people. He would, with pleasure, avail himself of every opportunity, to co-operate with the laudable endeavours of the Academy, and nothing on his part, should be wanting, to second the gracious intention of His Majesty, in the formation and establishment of that Institution.

The speech of His Royal Highness, of which, a mere outline is here attempted from recollection, was received with the most enthusiastic applause. The friends of taste, anticipated with delight, the happy results, which may be expected from the influence of such enlightened sentiments, and trusted, they would no longer, be left to labour unassisted, in the great cause which they have undertaken. The Artist, felt his bosom glow with hope, and exultation, to find the influence of his

Art so justly appreciated : his mind kindled, at the prospect of patronage so powerful and inspiring, and he looks forward with confidence, to a period, when Genius, shall derive his noblest stimulus from the liberality of the Sovereign, and his noblest subjects, from the triumphs of the State.



A P P E N D I X.



The following account of the Commemoration Dinner given by the DIRECTORS of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, in honour of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, was written by Mr. Perry, and published in the Morning Chronicle, 10th May, 1813. It is here reprinted, as connected with the subject of the preceding work, and as furnishing the fullest, and most accurate record of an event so interesting to the friends of Art.

COMMEMORATION OF SIR J. REYNOLDS.

THE FETE of Saturday last, was a proud day for the ARTS of ENGLAND, for it presented an assemblage of Pictures, all by the hand of one English Master, such as no country upon earth could rival; and the rooms of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, though adorned by about one hundred and thirty of SIR JOSHUA REY-

NOLDS's performances, do not contain more than a specimen of his labours ; as, perhaps, not fewer than three thousand pictures in all, have issued from his easle. A gentleman in the rooms, told us he actually possessed near seven hundred different engravings from his works, and it is obvious that few of his many family pictures, were ever engraved. The Managers of the British Institution, in resolving upon this affectionate tribute to the memory of Sir Joshua, have taken the most efficacious course for the ultimate promotion of their first object, that of forwarding the progress of the English School, by spreading over the public mind a correct taste for the Fine Arts, and by warming youthful genius into enthusiasm, by the honours thus paid to departed excellence. Prizes and premiums may do much with some tempers, but they have too much affinity with commercial feeling, to stimulate the ardour of genuine ambition. We are sure that the student who shall behold this unrivalled collection, and listen to the public sentiment which it excites, will not merely, be proud of belonging to the Academy of

which he was the President ; but will feel the glowing spirit of emulation stir him to the pursuit of rival glory. It is indeed a most animating spectacle, and must be as favourable in its consequences, as it is gratifying in itself. The variety of the subjects—the poetical character which breathes in every production, and which advances each individual portrait to the rank of a history ; the grandeur, chastened by the simplicity of the compositions—the felicity of adaptation, both of colouring and of accessories to the chief object—every thing contributed to impress on the company who partook of this festival, the most delicious and unmixed delight, both as patriots zealous for the honour of the country, and as amateurs fervent in the promotion of the Art.

The Managers determined to open the exhibition by a meeting, to commemorate the Artist. For this purpose it was resolved to make a temporary communication from the House of the Institution, to Willis's great hall, in King-street, for the dinner, and to keep the exhibition rooms unincumbered, to serve as drawing rooms for the company. His Royal

Highness the Prince Regent honoured the meeting with his presence ; he continued an hour in the Exhibition before dinner, and entered the room about half past six. He was placed in a chair of state, and the Marquis of Stafford, at his right hand, discharged the duties of chairman for the day.

There were also present—

Marquis Camden ; Earls, of Liverpool, Harrowby, Bathurst, Mulgrave, Aberdeen, (President of the Antiquarian Society,) Ashburnham, Grosvenor, Grey, Cowper, Hardwicke, Egremont, Harcourt, Upper Ossory ; Lords, Castlereagh, Amherst, Brownlow, Borringdon, Dundas, De Dunstanville, Falmouth, Harewood, Crewe ; The Right Hon. the Speaker, C. B. Bathurst, Charles Long, Sir W. Scott ; Sirs, G. Beaumont, T. Bernard, Abraham Hume ; Generals, Phipps, Hammond, Turner ; Messrs. Angerstein, Davis, Duncombe, Hope, Knight, W. Smith, Sheridan, Whitbread, The President and Royal Academicians ; in all, about one hundred and forty persons.

The dinner was conducted rather in the manner of that of a private table, than of a tavern. There

were no professional singers, and the toasts were not accompanied with the usual demonstrations of applause. The Noble President introduced the toast to the memory of the Great Master, whose works and whose virtues they were this day assembled to commemorate, with a graceful tribute to his high merits; His Royal Highness and all the company stood up, and received the toast with that sentiment of reverence and affection for the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which every lover of the Fine Arts must feel.

Mr. West, on his health being drank, coupled with that of the Royal Academy, over which he so worthily presides, returned thanks in a short speech, in which he expressed his gratitude for the signal mark of favour shewn on this day, to the memory of the eminent person whose powerful genius had, under the fostering auspices of the illustrious family on the throne, raised the English School to its present celebrity. Every Member of the Academy felt the high honour done to this body, in the tribute paid to their former President.

The Earl of Aberdeen also, as President of the Antiquarian Society, made a short and elegant address of thanks, when that Society was given as a toast. He said that it ought ever to be remembered, that in the first revolution of the Fine Arts from the barbarism of the middle age, the revival of a correct taste was founded on a reference to, and study of, the admirable fragments of the sculpture of Ancient Greece and Rome, which have been happily preserved to us—and which the great Master, whose memory they were that day assembled to commemorate, had constantly made his models, from the quick judgment with which he perceived that the purity and excellence of his art depended on simplicity, nature, and truth.

His Royal Highness rose at half past nine, and was conducted back to the Exhibition Rooms by the Noble Chairman. The company stopt to drink the health of the Prince Regent again, with the honours, and followed him to the Rooms, which were finely illuminated, and a splendid appearance of ladies heightened the *coup d'œil* of the spectacle. Many

more persons of the highest distinction, among whom were several of our Prelates, had also come to the Gallery in the evening, and the promenade continued till a late hour at night, when the Company departed with the highest sense of the propriety and taste with which the entertainment had been conducted.

Morning Chronicle, 10th May, 1813.

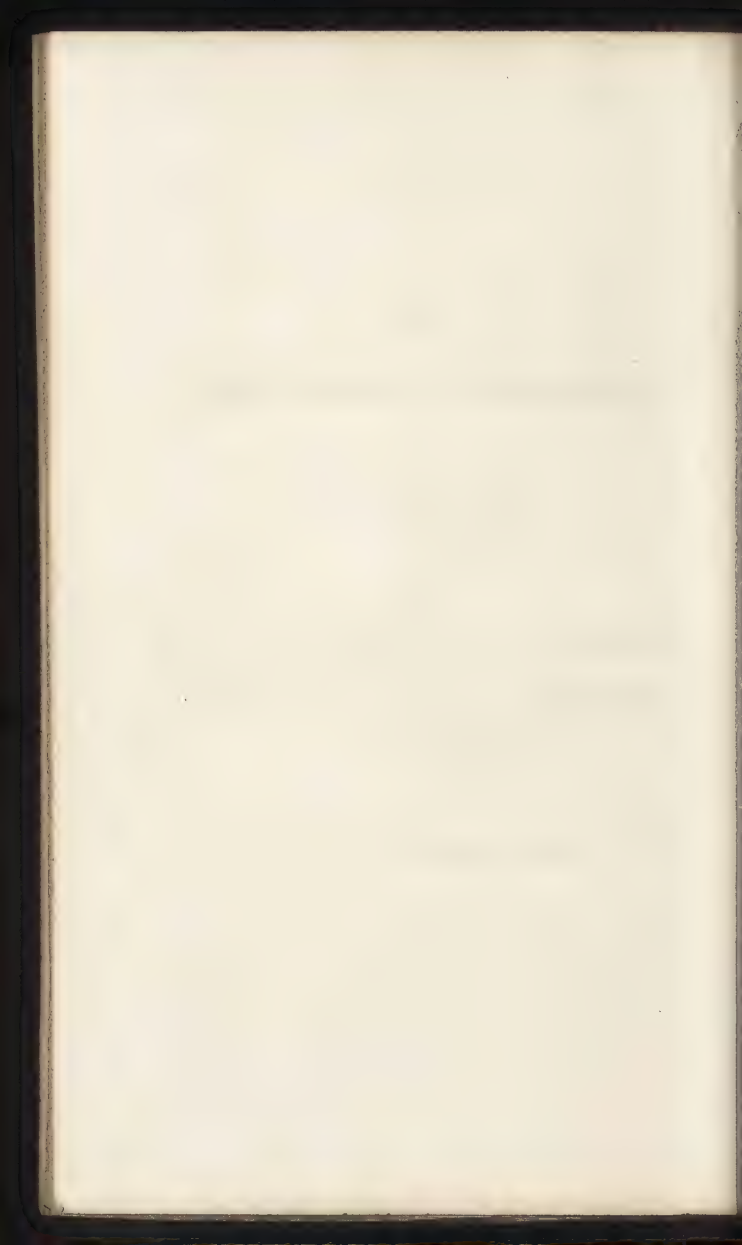
THE
SHADE OF NELSON;

A
TRIBUTE

TO THE
MEMORY OF THAT IMMORTAL HERO,
WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

October 21, 1805.

Nomen, in exemplum, sero servabimus ævo.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
EARL SPENCER;

UNDER WHOSE NAVAL ADMINISTRATION

THE IMMORTAL NELSON,

FIRST EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE

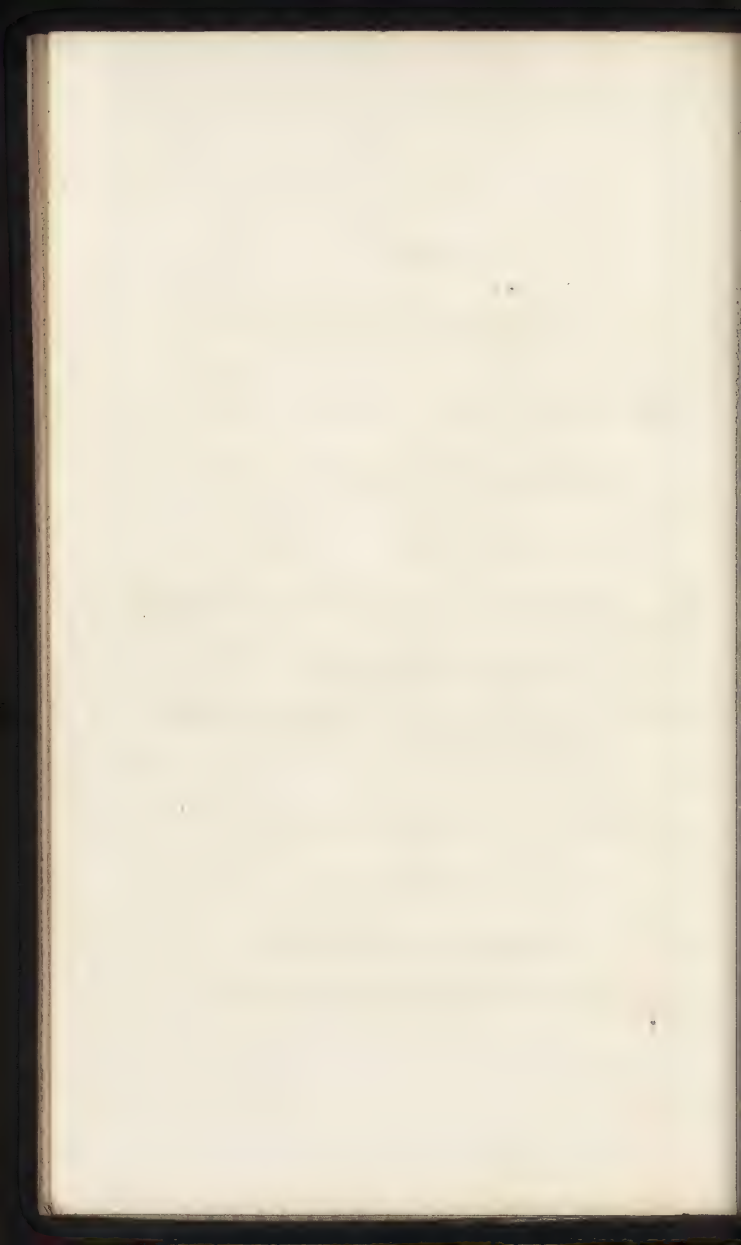
SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY,

THE FOLLOWING TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS HERO,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



THE
SHADE OF NELSON.

NOMEN, IN EXEMPLUM, SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO.

WHAT sound is that? which, 'midst the mighty roar
Of triumph, thund'ring loud from shore to shore,
On Albion's heart strikes death—unnerves her power,
And glooms her hope in—Glory's brightest hour?
'Tis Sorrow's voice, that vibrates in our ear! 5
'Tis Virtue's sigh—'tis Valour's groan we hear;
'Tis Britain's Genius bids her sons deplore;
Tis Victory's self, cries—NELSON is no more!

On Frenzy's wing, the doleful tidings fly,
Stun every sense, and stream from every eye ; 10
Thrill thro' the state, to Freedom's inmost core,
While realms dismayed, cry—NELSON is no more !
Swell'd at the sound, the breast of Ocean heaves,
For NELSON's fate, through all his bounds he grieves ;
In tempests rising wild, proclaims his woe, 15
And to his vengeance, immolates the foe.*

Ye powers unseen ! ye guardian wings that save,
On Danger's giddy brink, the good and brave !
Where—where, unmindful of a charge so great,
Pride of our strength, and pillar of our state ! 20

* *And to his vengeance, &c*] Alluding to the storms which succeeded the battle of Trafalgar, and rendered it impossible for Lord Collingwood to save a single ship of the enemy.

Where were you then!—in that disast'rous day,

When War's blind fury found his noblest prey?

Shall tyrants live, though curs'd in ev'ry clime?

Career it still secure, from crime to crime;

With fearless frenzy, brave a world combin'd, 25

And seem immortal—to molest mankind?

While they, whose swords insulted Freedom draws,

To whom, e'en Peace entrusts her sacred cause:

Whose high-born hearts with generous ardour spring

To serve their God, their Country, and their King, 30

The mark of Fate—still bleed in every sky,

And victims to their public virtue—die?

Oh! what a burst of sorrow breaks around!

Though NELSON falls—'tis we who feel the wound:

Death, to our proudest hopes the dart address'd, 35

And every patriot feels it in his breast.

No more, while Heaven resounding rings with praise,

The Victor comes to greet his Country's gaze,

In sad procession—midst a mournful throng,

Behold his sacred relics borne along! 40

That visage pale—that voice no longer heard;

In death decay'd—that form to all endear'd:

That eye for ever clos'd, which, stedfast—bold,

Each direful face of danger could behold!

Beside his bier—with speechless grief oppress'd, 45

Lo! Public Virtue, bares her throbbing breast;

Before, flush'd Victory, with her palm appears,

And while she sounds his triumphs—sheds her tears.

By Valour led, who bears her fav'rite's sword,
See Neptune's train surround their chief ador'd 50
Unwont to weep—unmann'd—bedew his pall,
And e'en forget their glory—in his fall.

Must Albion then, bewail her son's return!—
Embrace her hero—only in his urn!
For laurel wreaths, must cypress garlands wave! 55
Oh! must we crown our warrior—in his grave!
Is there a heart, with conquest so elate,
That weeps not—bleeds not—for the conqueror's fate?—
A head, that coldly sums the battle's cost,
And finds aught gain'd—where NELSON'S life was lost?

Though captur'd hosts the vast achievement show,
Though countless trophies speak the prostrate foe,

Though deeds of wonder wake the world to praise,
And awe-struck nations—tremble as they gaze,
Are Victory's sounds so rare in Albion's ear, 65
To drown Affliction's dirge o'er NELSON's bier?—
To bid her breast at Fame's loud trumpet swell,
Yet hear in every blast—her Hero's knell?
No! let each eye in tearful tribute flow,
Let each sad aspect wear the public woe; 70
Let Glory's blaze, subside to Mourning's gloom,
And every Virtue weep—o'er NELSON's tomb!

'Twas thus, the Muse, as powerful feelings press'd,
Obey'd the impulse of her labouring breast;
When lo! before her eye—in light array'd, 75
A vision rose—'twas valiant NELSON's shade.

Warm as in life, the awful warrior seem'd,
And round his brows, a wreath of glory beam'd ;
Illustrious scars, his honours here express'd,
And Death's last wound shone star-like on his breast ;
Bright, as in battle, flash'd his fearless eye, 81
And as he spoke, Heaven echoed from on high.

“ Forbear !” he cried, “ forbear the mournful lay,
“ Nor steep in tears the trophies of the day ;
“ To strains of rapture wake the patriot lyre ! 85
“ Let sounds of joy Britannia's breast inspire !
“ Pleas'd, let her twine the wreath for Valour's head,
“ And in her living heroes—prize the dead.
“ Bid her, no more for NELSON, fruitless grieve,
“ Who, that could die like him, would wish to live ? 90

- “ Who, that by death, enshrin’d in Glory’s eye,
“ Like him could live—that would not wish to die ?
“ Heaven, but indulg’d the boon his soul desir’d,
“ And gave the glorious fate his fame requir’d.
“ Tell her, since first, in early fancy fram’d, 95
“ Ambitious thoughts his kindling breast inflam’d,
“ ’Twas all his wish—his hope—his pride—to prove,
“ His first—last passion, was his Country’s love ;
“ To hear awhile her praise—attract her eye,
“ And in her sacred cause—victorious die. 100
“ Tell her, though NELSON’s pennant flies no more,
“ She has a thousand NELSONS yet in store ;
“ Each, prompt alike, to thwart a tyrant’s will,
“ And guard *ships, colonies, and commerce* still.

- “ Their country’s cause, her hearts of oak inspires, 105
“ And each brave tar’s a hero as she fires.
“ Sound to the echoing skies, each honoured name !
“ Friends of his heart, and sharers of his fame !
“ For COLLINGWOOD—for NORTHEK, mingling raise
“ The song of triumph, with the strain of praise : 110
“ For brave CORNWALLIS—gallant SYDNEY,* swell
“ The applausive peal—’tis NELSON’s proudest knell.
“ But hark ! in distant thunders, once again,†
“ The voice of Victory rises from the main !
“ ’Tis STRACHAN proudly pleads his right to fame, 115
“ And brings his foes—to testify his claim.

* Sir Sydney Smith.

† *But hark ! in distant thunders, once again.*] At the moment of writing the above, arrived the news of Sir Richard Strahan’s victory,

- “ Albion, her conquering leaders scarce can crown,
“ While Fame grows hoarse, rehearsing their renown.
“ Like echoing hills, her triumphs talk around,
“ And each peal’s lost in the succeeding sound. 120
“ What brilliant stars still bless Britannia’s eyes !
“ What constellations crowd her naval skies ! *
“ Bright in the zodiac of her glory burn,
“ And shed the light of triumph in their turn !

which in proportion to the force engaged, deserves, perhaps, to rank with the proudest achievement of naval heroism ; nor should its lustre be suffered to lose in its effect upon the public eye, because accidentally mingled in the blaze of that triumph, to which it forms so glorious a sequel.

* The laurels won in Egypt, in the Peninsula, and indeed, wherever opportunity has called for exertion, have invested with rival splendor, the military reputation of the British empire. The same spirit actuates the defenders of their country, by sea and by land ; and when directed by similar valour and ability, must always be equally formidable on either element.

“ Tell her, as Time’s advancing wings unfold, 125

“ A race of brave ST. VINCENTS I behold ;

“ New DUNCANS—HOWES—a radiant host appear,

“ And palms spring forth in every future year ;

“ Safe in her strength, and steady in her reign,

“ Successive heroes shall her sway sustain, 130

“ The foe, through every shape of war pursue,

“ Dauntless, alike by sea, and land subdue,

“ Breathe her bold spirit forth, in every wind,

“ And wave the flag of Freedom o’er mankind.

“ O! my lov’d country—lov’d in life—in death ! 135

“ Bless’d in my loudest prayer—my latest breath !

“ Whose praises yet, my scarce cold bosom swell ;

“ For whom, I zealous fought—and fighting, fell !

- “ O’er earth unrivalled—honour’d—envy’d—fear’d—
“ To all thy sons, by thousand charms endear’d! 140
“ The pride of Time! as pond’ring on his way,
“ He views thy surface, and observes thy sway;
“ Beholds thee, star of Neptune’s denser skies!
“ Sun of the sea! in radiant glory rise,
“ O’er life’s dull waste, a two-fold splendour dart, 145
“ And Freedom’s light, with Virtue’s warmth impart.
“ Immortal Albion! whose amphibious fame,
“ The elements of earth, and water claim!
“ Whose giant power, War’s wildest fury braves,
“ Strides o’er the land, and walks upon the waves! 150
“ With arm stupendous strikes the farthest foe,
“ While empires shake, convulsive from the blow!

- “ Still, must thy NELSON’s spirit, hov’ring nigh,
“ Bend o’er his country’s course, an anxious eye ;
“ Still, those sweet sounds, that in the warrior’s ears,
“ Out-melody the music of the spheres ; 156
“ Those sounds, which erst, endow’d with wond’rous art,
“ Through all its chords thrill’d rapture to his heart,
“ When first his humble name to glory given,
“ In loud vibration, shook the vaulted heaven ; 160
“ Still, must those sounds, with nobler names that swell,
“ That bolder deeds, and brighter triumphs tell,
“ Fire his freed soul, on echoing winds convey’d,
“ And bless in realms of joy, his grateful shade.
“ Hear, awful Power!—celestial Sov’reign, hear! 163
“ Before whose thrones, kings tremble to appear ;

- “ Whose aid divine, with humble heart implor’d,
“ So oft, with conquest, crown’d my feeble sword ;
“ My war-worn frame sustain’d through fierce alarms,
“ And clos’d my course at length—in Victory’s arms !
“ Protect my country !—through the tempest guide
“ Britannia’s gallant prow—the ocean’s pride ! 172
“ Support her throne ! assist her sacred cause !
“ Preserve her rights, and purify her laws !
“ To deeds of ancient worth, her warriors fire ; 175
“ With noblest passions, all her sons inspire !
“ From self, and sense, the free-born race refine,
“ Lead all their thoughts to Public Virtue’s shrine ;
“ Teach them, to prize the structure Time has tried,
“ That stands the tempest, and that stems the tide ; 180

“ To brave the rebels’ rage—the tyrants’ frown,

“ To live with liberty, and love renown.

“ For ages cherish’d there—a glowing guest !

“ ’Tis Freedom’s spirit breathes in Albion’s breast ;

“ ’Twas Freedom’s hand, that grasp’d each laurel crown,

“ At Cape St. Vincent won, and Camperdown ; 186

“ ’Twas Freedom’s sword Aboukir’s doom that seal’d,

“ And fought and conquer’d in Trafalgar’s* field.

“ ’Tis Freedom’s orb, that beaming in her skies,

“ Calls forth her virtues—ripening as they rise ; 190

“ Exhales high feelings from her glowing hearts,

“ Inflames her genius, and refines her arts.

* This word, the Author believes, is now, in compliance with the Spanish pronunciation, accented differently : as falling more conveniently into its place in the verse, however, it is left in the text as originally written.

“ Led by this sign, o’er Life’s tumultuous wave,
“ Her pilots skilful, and her people brave,
“ Britannia, still, shall keep her course sublime, 195
“ And sail secure, amidst the storms of Time ;
“ Extend her fame—on every shore unfurl’d,
“ Sole hope, and refuge, of a suff’ring world !”

Thus spoke the patriot shade, and rising bright,
The awful vision—vanish’d from the sight. 200
Immortal chief ! beyond the power of Fate,
Renown’d on earth, to Time’s remotest date !
Pure flame of valour ! spar’d awhile from heav’n !
Sword ! to thy country’s strength, a moment given,
For Freedom’s hand, to wield in wrath below, 205
And wreak full vengeance—on the tyrant foe !

Bright as the bolt, that from the angry skies,
Through sulph'rous clouds, in awful fury flies,
To strike some tow'ring structure to the ground,
And vanish—midst the smoking ruins round; 210
The Hero-fell—a fierce electric fire!
Shot from the kindling eye of Britain's ire.
He struck, with dreadful crash, the floating towers.
Proud boast of Gallia's and Iberia's powers!
In thunder clad once more, his mortal form, 215
And vanish'd—'midst the terrors of the storm.
No more, let gloom the public brow invest!
No more, let sorrow swell the general breast!
A different tribute NELSON's virtues claim,
Not tears, but triumphs, should attend his name. 220

Let peals of praise, our nobler feelings prove !

When sighs ascend, our heroes blush above,

Rebuke our weak affection, with a frown—

And claim their proper homage here—renown !

His spirit, still, shall warm through every age, 225

Excite our ardour, and direct our rage ;

From out his tomb, the phantom Fame shall rise,

And stride the blast, when Albion's lightning flies,

In War's wild tempest, breathe his name, and spread

Despair's black shroud, o'er every hostile head.

Though lost his sword, the warrior's words shall save,

Deep written in the bosom of the brave : 230

Shall echoing ring—in Valour's voice reveal'd,

And work fresh miracles, in every field.

Lo ! through each heart, th' electric sentence runs !

“ *England expects their duty from her sons !* ” *

O words of wond'rous virtue !—awful spell ; 235

Pronounc'd, by Neptune's fav'rite ere he fell !

* *England expects their duty from her sons !*] According to the accounts read by the author, the exact words used in the last order issued by the commander in chief on this ever-memorable occasion, were the following :

“ England expects that every man will do his duty.”

If the necessity of metrical adaptation had not absolutely required it, the author, would have considered it a kind of sacrilege, to make the smallest alteration in them ; and he cannot avoid expressing a wish, that some means might be devised, of giving them a permanent existence, beyond the passing admiration of the day.

Such words, falling from such a man, on so important an occasion, and attended by such consequences, should, with pious eagerness, be snatched from the winds, as a Sybil's leaf of oracular importance, to be deposited not only in our hearts, but in our archives ; to be written not only in our journals and histories, but to be graven on our medals, and emblazoned on the banners of our country.

Strong charm ! in which his spirit breathes below !

Portentous sounds, to ev'ry shuddering foe !

Hear them, ye slaves !—ye tyrants, trembling hear !

Ye cowards ! con them, to repel your fear ! 240

Emblazon them, ye heralds !—mark them down !

Henceforth, Britannia's motto of renown !

Ye Powers ! invested with the mighty trust,

To rescue man's best treasure from the dust !

Commission'd here, departed worth to crown, 245

And sound through time, the trumpet of renown !

Unlock your springs—bring all your stores divine !

Let all your trophies in the triumph shine !

Arouse, ye Bards—ye sons of song arise !

Sound your loud harps, ye minstrels, to the skies ! 250

And you, ye Arts!—ye silent powers of fame!
Whose shrines preserve the hero, with his name,
Whose more than magic mirror brings anew,
The act—the actor, and the scene to view;
Assist the task—the sacred call obey, 255
Your monumental miracles display;
From the rough rock, the breathing statue raise,
And give his image to our grateful gaze;
The Warrior's form, let future ages trace,
And mark each scar in mutilated grace;* 260

* *And mark each scar in mutilated grace;*] Lord Nelson's person had suffered much mutilation in the various actions in which he had been engaged, As few men had braved so many dangers, so, few could produce so many formidable marks of service. Besides the loss of an eye, and an arm, the testimonials of his prowess were written in many an honourable scar.

Let Painting, too, sweet nymph ! beneath whose hand,
The blooms of Health—the hues of Heaven expand ;
Whose touch Promethean, life's warm spark supplies,
And lights up love, once more, in Beauty's eyes :—

Let Painting, too, the general fervour feel, 265

In NELSON'S praise, the pencil's powers reveal ;
Preserve each act, in graphic glory graced,
And gild his triumphs, with the beams of Taste.

In lines of light, again the hero glows,—

Again, hurls vengeance on his country's foes— 270

Again, on canvass, his great soul resigns,

And art-embalm'd—on earth, immortal shines.

Ye sons of Ocean !—bold amongst the brave !

Guards of Britannia's empire on the wave !

Who bear the bolts—where'er her thunder's hurl'd,
Rays of her strength—diverging o'er the world! 276
How shall our hearts, with grateful zeal that glow,
Requite your deeds—discharge the debt we owe?
What mint of honour—mine of wealth, shall pay,
For power, and fame—for safety, and for sway? 280
Long had your prowess o'er the boldest flight
Of ancient daring, tower'd an awful height;
Such trophies won—such wreaths immortal worn,
From Danger's darkest brow, terrific torn;
That flame-ey'd War himself, with wonder gaz'd, 285
And Intrepidity, beheld—amaz'd!
But, lo! Trafalgar's glories rising bright,
Burst like a comet on the astonish'd sight;

'Midst Albion's stars the proudest station claim,
Eclipse all past, and challenge future fame. 290

Grant, gracious powers! ere yet, in awful state,
Britannia, founders in the gulph of Fate;
Ere yet her empire's mighty fabric falls,
And Time dismantles—e'en her wooden walls,
Grant a full course of glory—give her space, 295
To put forth all her splendors in the race,
To shew, how man, on Freedom's wings may rise,
And prove on earth, his kindred to the skies.
Give her, to blast the ruffian brood of Power,
To strike Ambition—in his boastful hour: 300
To sheath her sword in Anarch's furious breast,
And crown with peace, once more, a world oppress'd.

Let gallant Scotia—generous Erin, twine
Around her heart, and with her blood combine ;
With threefold strength, the union flag sustain, 305
And swim sublime—three-decker of the main !
And when, (the fate of Greece and Rome before,)
Her sun shall set—her dazzling day be o'er ;
Let Fame's full orb reflect her lunar light,
To cheer mankind through time's succeeding night, 310
Through ev'ry age, attract earth's wond'ring eye,
And with the globe itself extinguish'd—die.



LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

JOHN OPIE, ESQ. R. A.

How oft, of late, o'er worth departed shed,
The tears of Britain have embalmed the dead;
Bewailed the Hero's fall—the Sage's fate,
While public Virtue sorrowed thro' the state;
Yet still unsated with the noblest prey,
Ungorged, tho' meaner multitudes decay;
'Gainst Wit and Genius, Death directs his dart,
And strikes thro' Opie's side to Painting's heart.

Fallen from the zenith of his proud career !
Full in his fame, and sparkling in his sphere !
While o'er his Art he shed his brightest rays,
And warmed the world of letters into praise.

No feeble follower of a style or school ;
No slave of system, in the chains of rule :
His Genius kindling from within was fired,
And first in Nature's rudest wild aspired.
At her pure shrine his youthful vows he paid,
Secured her smile, and sought no other aid ;
Enraptured still her charms alone explored,
And to the last, with lover's faith adored :
For when Ambition bade his steps advance
To scenes where Painting spreads her vast expanse ;

When all the charts of taste before him lay,
That showed how former keels had cut their way;
With fearless prow he put to sea, and steered
His steady course, where her pure light appeared.

His vigorous pencil in pursuit of Art,
Disdained to dwell on each minuter part;
Impressive force—impartial truth he sought,
And travelled in no beaten track of thought:
Unlike the servile herd whom we behold,
Casting their drossy ore in Fashion's mould;
His metal by no common die is known,
The coin is sterling, and the stamp his own.

Opie, farewell—accept this feeble verse,
This flower of friendship—cast upon thy hearse.

Though Fate severe, in life's unfaded prime,
Hath shook thee rudely, from the tree of time;
Thy laurel thro' the lapse of years shall bloom,
And weeping Art attend thee to the tomb.
While Taste, no longer tardy to bestow
The garland due to graphic skill below,
Shall point to Time thy labours, as he flies,
And brighten all their beauties in his eyes:
Exalt the Painter, now the Man's no more,
And bid thy country honour and deplore !

E L L E N.

'TWAS midnight, and bleak blew the breath of November,
ber,

The rain half congealed, fast descended in sleet ;
When Albert, long doomed in despair to remember,
From a tavern carousal rushed forth to the street.

By riot inflamed, past reflection, and feeling,
He scoffed each poor wanton he met, when a form
Gliding swiftly along, as he onward, went reeling,
Seemed the spirit of night—sadly braving the storm.

Unmindful she seemed of the way she was going,
Her uncovered head on her hand half reclined ; [ing,
While behind, her long hair in wild ringlets hung flow-
And the body's neglect spoke the woes of the mind.

Yet she felt not the blast, tho' but little availed her,
A light, mourning mantle disordered, and thin ;
And 'twas plain, tho' the wind, cold, and rain sore
assailed her,

That without, 'twas a calm—to the tempest within.

Tho' Albert felt awe strike his soul as he viewed her,
Yet his libertine eye found her person had charms ;
And tho' Pity had wept, brutal passion pursued her,
And fancied some horrible joy in her arms.

But soon as her ear his loose accents invaded,
At his voice wildly starting, her eye flashed around,
When a heart-piercing shriek, spoke her anguish unaided,
And sudden, and senseless, she fell to the ground.

Ah! well might the poor hapless Ellen deplore her,
Well sink under sorrows too poignant to bear!
For behold! the base author of all stood before her,
Of her sufferings past hope—of her wrongs past repair.

Like a rose-bud she bloomed in old Walsingham's bower,
Breathing sweets o'er the eve of his war-wasted day,
'Twas Albert that blasted the beautiful flower,
That rifled the rose-bud, and cast it away.

He came, by the praise of her beauty excited,
By the fame of her virtues, far-spreading around :
He saw, and he swore such perfections united,
That report feebly pictured the angel he found.

Of honour he talked—the old Soldier received him,
Distrust harbours not in the breast of the brave ;
He vowed purest love—and poor Ellen believed him,
But false were his vows, as the wind and the wave.

Yet 'twas art that beguiled, not her virtue that failed her,
'Twas fraud that betrayed both her heart and her charms,
The father distracted, in frenzy bewailed her ;
The soldier subdued—sunk to death in her arms.

Awhile, every function of Nature suspended,

'Twas thought all the sorrows of Ellen were o'er ;

But alas ! she revived—a poor orphan unfriended,

Her false lover fled—and her father, no more.

[her,

At his grave, day and night whence no effort could take

She sate with fixed eye—a fair statue of woe ;

Till starting, as some sudden thought seemed to wake her,

She kissed the cold earth, and cried, “ Father I go,”

“ To Albert, false Albert, poor Ellen is hieing,

“ Admonished to end her sad sacrifice there ;

“ At his feet, shall the victim of perfidy dying,

“ Upbraid her despoiler, and bid him despair.”

Thro' the town, her wild purpose no parent restraining,
In vain, long she sought her betrayer to meet ;
Till at length, not a remnant of reason remaining,
A poor, friendless maniac, she wandered the street.

Now she sings her sad fate—in wild melody moving,
Now silent—sunk—patient—desponding appears :
Now she raves of her father, all patience reproving,
Now bemoans her lost lover, and melts into tears.

'Twas thus, when strong frenzy subsiding to sadness,
The grave seemed her only asylum from care ;
The thought flashed a ray o'er the visions of madness,
And death beamed a star, in the night of despair.

Resolved, from a world of deceit and disaster,
To seek in the flood a last refuge she ran ;
When Fate, the false Albert, again sent to blast her,
And end the sad ruin his baseness began.

But tho' flushed with debauch, and by Nature unfeeling,
Aghast—a mute spectre of horror he stood ;
When the lamp's feeble ray his poor victim revealing,
Accused his foul conduct, and curdled his blood.

On the ground—pale—exposed to rough Winter's worst
greeting,

That form he so oft swore to shield from all harm ;
That fond bosom bare—and that heart hardly beating,
Where beauty, and truth had combined every charm.

But tho' lost beyond hope—past all human endeavour,
To rescue from death, or to reason restore,
Yet life, ere it fled its frail mansion for ever,
Faintly beamed in the eye of poor Ellen once more.

When reviving to sense—with convulsive emotion,
“ Alas ! is it you ? cruel Albert ! ” she cried ; [tion,
Then clasped her cold hands—breathed a sigh of devo-
“ Oh mercy ! my father ! ”—she faltered, and died.

Now first, o'er the fate of poor Ellen relenting,
Her wrongs perjured Albert, too late, would repair,
Her sufferings recalling—her ruin repenting ;
Would purchase with life—a reprieve from despair.

But in vain, would he look for relief in repentance,
In vain, plunge in pleasure to soften his doom :
To the guilt-blackened wretch every sound bears his
sentence,

And the bright arch of day's but a dungeon of gloom.

When to scenes of loud revel he runs, fondly thinking
To drown in debauch all remembrance of care; [ing,
From the grave—a dread voice—at the moment of drink-
Cries “Albert, I pledge thee—the cup of despair,”

The minions of wealth strive in vain to amuse him,
Poor Ellen's last words still resound in his ear,
By day her pale image unceasing pursues him,
By night draws his curtain, and thrills him with fear.

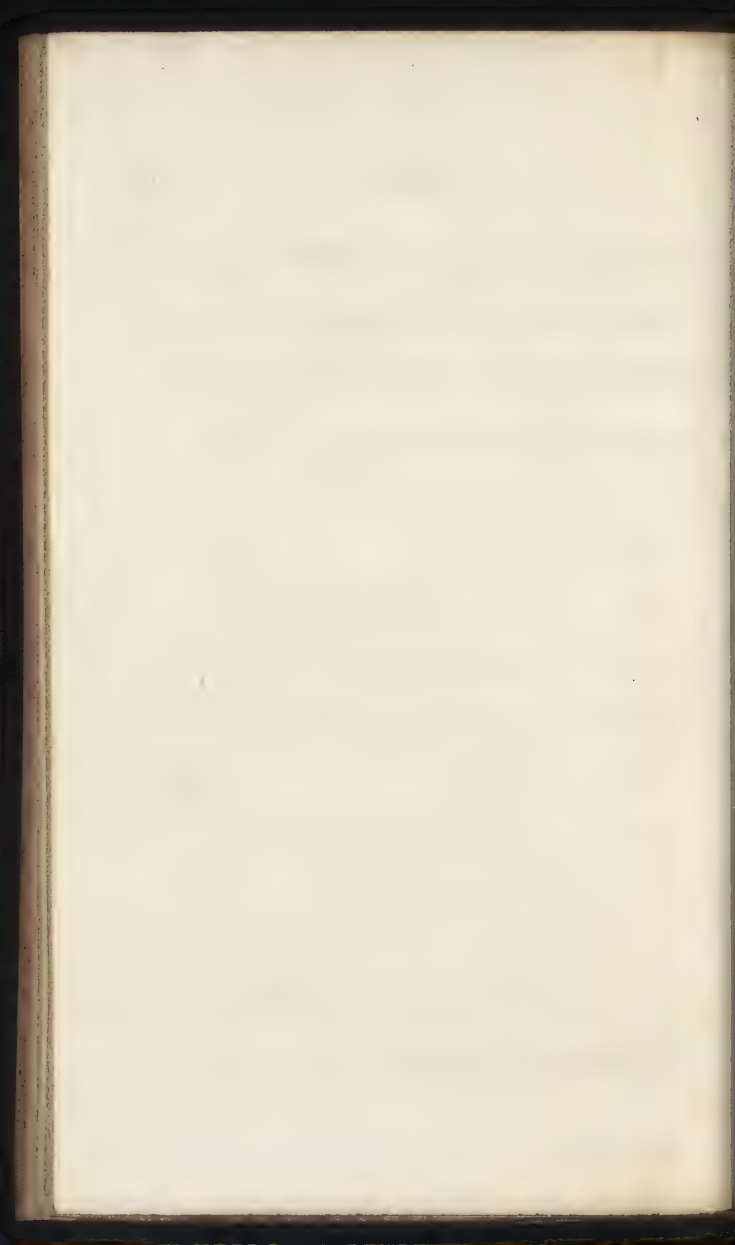
“ Oh Albert ” she cries, “ in sad moment we parted,
“ Sad, sad was the meeting, and wild the adieu ;
“ How cou’dst thou leave Ellen to die broken hearted,
“ The father destroy, and the daughter undo ?

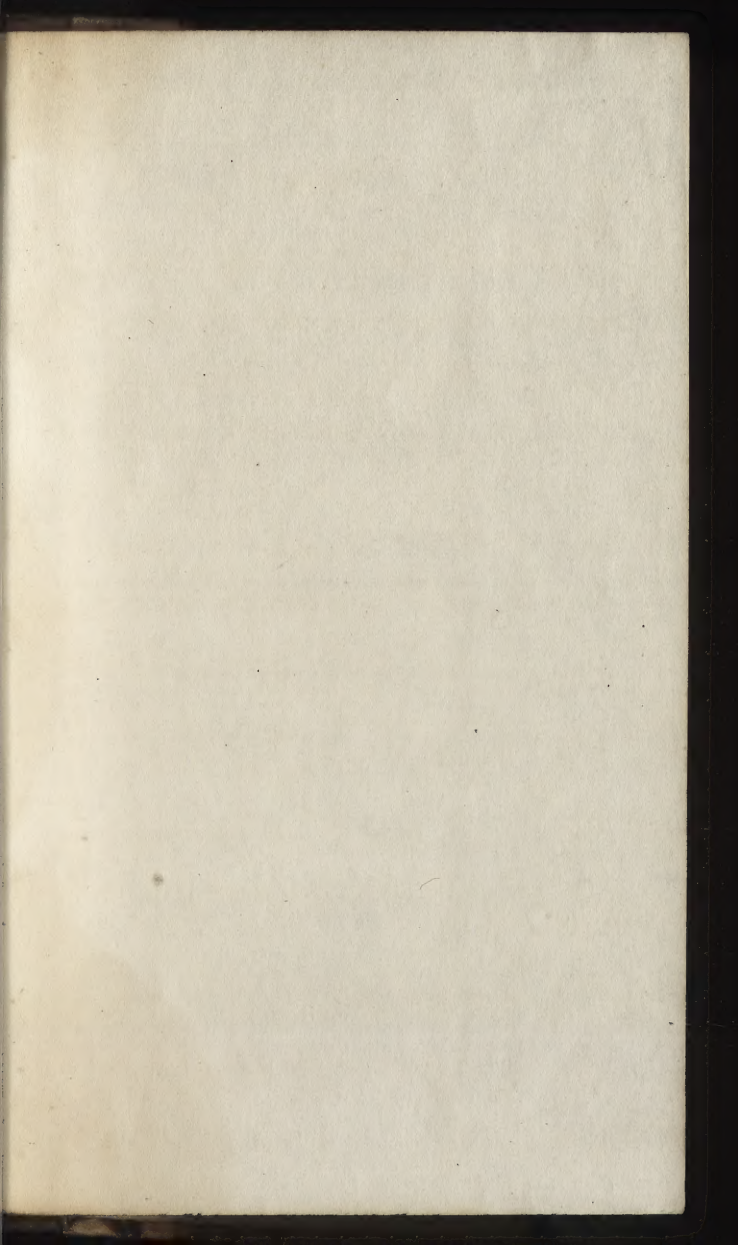
“ On her cold, clammy cheek now the earth-worm is
“ feeding,

“ Her limbs are stretched out in the bed of the grave ;
“ But death was her wish—for her bosom was bleeding,
“ And ’tis bliss sure to die—when to live, is to rave :

“ But Albert, no more on thy pillow reposing,
“ Can Peace calm the terrible throb of thy breast ;
“ Thy Ellen’s sad spectre, each vision disclosing,
“ Must wake thee to woe, and forbid thee to rest.

“ Yet think not in anger, she comes to accuse thee,
“ 'Tis her pity that speaks when she bids thee beware,
“ For the ghost of her father avenging pursues thee,
“ And the grim fiends of darkness cry—Albert, de-
“ spair.”





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